

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 2, 1969 50 CENTS

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GOODYEAR

Contents

JUNE 2, 1969 Volante 30, No. 22

Cover photograph by James Devitt

18 West in a Birdbath

Minnesota and Oakland came into Baltimore, ready to clean up in the East, but it was the Orioles who did the soaking

24 The Man Takes Charge of His Horse

Frank McManis tells the full story behind his decision to give Majestic Prince his shot as the Belmont Stakes

34 In the Corner for Kicks

Dr. Ferdie Pacheco cures for the fighters as Angelo Dundee's stable "just for the pleasure"

40 Down to the Sea in Anything

Today more and more people are finding more ways to have more fun on the water. A sampling of what's new

58 Water, Water, Everywhere—at a Price

And the price is high as urban America mounts its biggest coast-to-coast rush for vacation homes

70 Stars Fell in California

All kinds of records were supposed to be broken at the Modesto relay, but the big names didn't show

72 Confessions of a Retarded Tiger

Tennis balls bounced off the roof, rocks flew at a railroad sign and the obsession of a lifetime evolved

The departments

- | | |
|---------------------|--------------------|
| 13 Scorecard | 84 For the Record |
| 62 College Baseball | 87 Baseball's Week |
| 68 Bridge | 89 19th Hole |
| 70 Track & Field | |



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Covers on page 34

Next week

INDIANAPOLIS pits Ford against Offenhauser power and pole man A. J. Foyt against a battling field of top 500 drivers. A report in depth by Kim Chaplin, illustrated in color.

THE EYES OF TEXAS and the rest of the world will be on Texas when the U.S. Open comes to Champions in Houston. Dan Jenkins and Jack Nicklaus preview the event.

THE GREAT AIR RACE between New York and London people Writer Bob Oltun and two co-conspirators intone Alfred Hitchcock atmosphere of pursuit, peril and chicanery.



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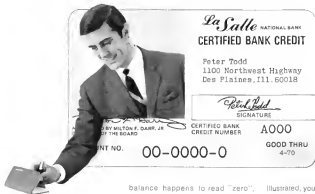
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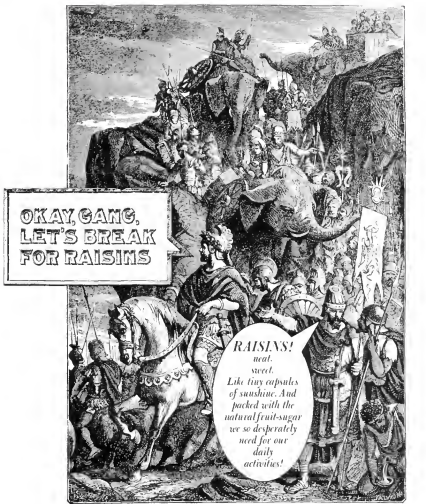
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The cardigan is a 75/25 blend of mohair and wool. It also comes as a pullover. Both in 15 other colors. The crew knit is 100% cotton

is. Also in 15 other colors. With matching mini emblems, too

-Arrow-

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BEECH 8-way & 135th St.	Goldthumb
BLUO 50th St. & 7th	Goldthumb
CENTRAL 8-way & 52nd	Goldthumb
CENTRAL PARK 8th St. & Mad.	Goldthumb
CHELSEA W. 22nd St. & 8th	Goldthumb
CONCOURSE Clinton & 9th	Goldthumb
CORCHESTER Mad. & 58th	Goldthumb
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FOURTH ST. PLAYHOUSE Near Chapin	Goldthumb
GAITY 53rd & 1st Ave.	Goldthumb
GARDEN 17th St. E. of Mad.	Goldthumb
GOTHAM 12nd & 8-way	Goldthumb
GRAND Park near 53rd St.	Goldthumb
GRAHOVIEW near Columbus Circle	Goldthumb
HEIGHTS CINEMA West 42nd & 8th	Goldthumb
IRVING Christopher & Hudson	Goldthumb
KNICKERBOCKER 30th Ave. & 17th	Goldthumb
LUX 50th St. E. of 2nd	Goldthumb
MARLBOROUGH 1st Ave. & 22nd	Goldthumb
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STUYVESANT SQ. 23rd near Lexington	Goldthumb
7th AVE. CINEMA between 28th & 40th	Goldthumb
SHELTON West 53rd St. near 8th Ave.	Goldthumb
TUDOR 41st & 2nd	Goldthumb
UPTOWN 9th & Amsterdam	Goldthumb
WASHINGTON SQUARE West 4th St.	Goldthumb
WINOSOR E. 50th St. & Len.	Goldthumb

How are you spending tonight?

There's not much choice—or fun—if everything's the same.

It's because you *do* have free choice that you have so many good things to choose from. Tonight's movie. Tomorrow's groceries. Next year's car. And it's all the competition that makes these things get better all the time.

Of course, some people think you have too much choice in the marketplace.

They think you are confused or, maybe, just not bright enough to make up your own mind about the products you want and need. They think the government ought to help you.

For instance, wouldn't it be simpler if there were only four brands of toothpaste instead of 58? And who needs all those flavors? Most people like peppermint so why shouldn't they all be peppermint? Don't

laugh. There really are people—well-meaning people—who think the government ought to regulate the number of brands on the market and standardize their contents. In other words, they want to do your shopping for you. That's nice of them. But, has anyone asked you about it?

Maybe you don't like peppermint.

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Arrow makes the real Arrow in the Arrow Mr. Golf Collection. In the cream color, matched up with a red shirt and a red tie. It's not just a look, it's a style.

Arrow makes the real Arrow in the Arrow Mr. Golf Collection. In the cream color, matched up with a red shirt and a red tie. It's not just a look, it's a style.

So now that we've settled all of that, will all the real customers please come forward?

Arrow
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No, no, I'm the real "Mr. Golf."

From Arrow, the ^{original} white shirt company



What a good time for a Kent.



SCORECARD

TO SKI OR NOT TO SKI

The group of gentlemen who govern world skiing gathered in Barcelona last week to re-do a few of the rules. And a setting like sunny Spain, away from all that snow, seemed to make them more feisty than ever. They set the stage for a direct clash over amateurism with that grand old party, International Olympic Committee chief Avery Brundage.

The FIS World Congress (Fédération Internationale de Ski) voted to liberalize its amateur eligibility rules to a point somewhere just short of open ski racing, à la tennis. Prodred by the U.S. Association to "clean skiing's house completely" and by FIS President Marc Hodler to enforce "realistic rules," the congress decided that amateur skiers may now obtain direct financial aid from business—and skiers may even endorse products for pay in advertising. The only rein on any of it is a stipulation that permission must come from the ski racer's national board and that any pay goes to his association, not to the individual—a rule that most nations should be able to side-step nicely. The FIS figures the plan is clean and perfect, except for that one shadow in the starting gate.

Everyone knows Brundage will thunder mightily against it when his IOC meets in Warsaw next week and will promptly seek to throw Alpine skiing right out of the Winter Olympics. But the FIS also is gambling that Brundage will not have total support of his board. After all, the FIS said, what about the millions already spent in Japan setting up the 1972 games, including new ski facilities? To deny Sapporo Olympic skiing might well stir a new world crisis.

And after that action, still full of fight, the FIS voted to endorse Canada's British Columbia as the site for the 1976 Winter Games, cold-shouldering the U.S., which figured it had a lock on the bid since '76 is our 200th anniversary. The final vote comes from IOC, of course, but without FIS endorsement, Denver looks pretty dead.

It may be academic by that time anyway. If Brundage gets his backing, Alpine skiing is out as an Olympic sport. The only sure thing right now is that it is going to be a long, hot summer on the ski slopes.

DOWN UNDER GOES UNDER

Shades of Norman Brookes, Jack Crawford, Adrian Quist, Jack Bromwich, Frank Sedgman, Ken Rosewall, Lew Hoad, Neale Fraser, Roy Emerson, Rod Laver . . . Last weekend Australia was eliminated from the Davis Cup competition by Mexico, which means that when the Challenge Round is held later on this year the Aussies, for the first time since 1937, will not be one of the two teams involved.

BAD SHOW

The first of a series of 16 special pro football films by Ed Sabol was televised last Sunday by CBS and was almost as big a disaster as Baltimore's defeat in the Super Bowl. In fact, the film is about the Super Bowl, but not the one we saw last January. Joe Namath appears (it would be hard to keep him out) but his role is almost a supporting one, and his deft handling of his team is mostly reduced to a series of symbolic, pass-pass sequences. On the other hand, Don Shula, the Baltimore coach, is a major figure. The camera comes back to him time after time to show, first, his exuberance over a good play in the NFL playoff with Cleveland and then, in the Super Bowl, his growing concern, worry, gloom. Shula is so much in evidence because the film, to put it bluntly, is not about the victorious Jets but the losing Colts. And the hero is not Joe Namath but Johnny Unitas.

It is no secret that the sore-armed Unitas, after he took over for Earl Morrall, was able to move Baltimore in the last period principally because the Jets, leading 16-0, were employing a defensive strategy of containment, giving away yardage in exchange for minutes. Yet

in the film Unitas is displayed as nothing less than magnificent in defeat, almost the passing genius of old, who has the Jets terrified as he nearly saves the game for Baltimore before the clock inexorably ends the game.

Which is nonsense. In oversparring Unitas, the film cheapens what he did. And in concentrating on one rather pathetic part of a superb game, it all but ignores what Namath and the Jets did. Pro football films—Sabol's NFL work in particular—have been remarkably good in the past. This one is embarrassingly bad.

HAPPY ENDING

Before the Kentucky Derby, some critics said that Majestic Prince was either a Mam o' War or just another Silky Sullivan. Now that the Prince is beginning to resemble Mam o' War, we thought we would bring you up to date on Silky. For those of you who don't know about Silky Sullivan, he was from California, too, and a pre-Derby sensation back in 1958. Silky was a crowd pleaser, a strikingly handsome chestnut colt whose forte



was coming from far, far back in the field (he was 30 lengths behind the leaders midway through one race) to win with heartthrob stretch drives. At the 1958 Derby he left the gate, one of the favorites, at 2 to 1. Silky ran far, far back in the field, as usual, but this time he stayed there, finishing a dismal 12th, and for all intents and purposes was never heard of again.

But Silky is alive and well in California. At 14 he is a stallion at Kjell Qvale's Green Oaks Stud Farm near

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SCORECARD continued

Napa in the wine country. His stud fee is only \$500 (another Green Oaks stallion, The Scoundrel, who finished an unnoticed third in the 1964 Derby, commands \$2,500), but Silky is nonetheless the star of the place. He is the one who attracts visitors to the farm, and he still receives Christmas cards from faithful admirers. Dick Lynch, the stud manager of Green Oaks, says, "Everybody loves him. He's a real stallion, a fine-looking animal, but he doesn't bite or strike and he's as gentle as can be around children." Each year Green Oaks has a party for the employees and their families, and Silky comes over from the stables for the fun. Kids clamor for a ride, and Silky is ready and willing. "Sometimes we put as many as four kids on him at once," Lynch says, "and he walks around just as nice as you please."

Once a year Silky goes to the races again, to Golden Gate on St. Patrick's Day. On that day everybody named Sullivan gets in free, and Silky is the star Lynch says, "The crowd goes wild when we walk him past the grandstand, and he loves it. You can tell it when he hears the cheers and the applause."

"His get do all right," Lynch adds, which means they aren't terribly good. "We don't expect any Triple Crown winners, but he's some of the most beautiful horses I've ever seen. They're grand-looking animals."

HIGH COST OF DRIVING

Andy Granatelli has spelled out how much it costs to enter a racing team at Indianapolis. "A Turbo-Ford engine, with spare parts, will run \$40,000," he says, "and a two-car team needs four cars, two as backups. You should have a couple of spare engines, too, for emergencies. So now you have six engines in all, and that's \$240,000. Two four-wheel-drive chassis will run \$45,000 each. The backups will be two-wheel drive; make it \$32,000 for each of them. And your tire bill for the month could run \$2,000 per car."

"You'll want the best drivers available, and they get around \$50,000 for the season. Salary for the chief mechanic is about \$18,000, and for two cars you'll need at least six crew men. They'll split \$6,000 for the month. You'll need two station wagons and two trailers—\$12,000. Put down another \$60,000 to \$80,000 for rooms and food for your people, their transportation to and from

Indy, shop work, possible overtime, insurance, etc.

"Add it up: you go to the races with about \$600,000 invested. Last year's winning car earned \$177,523. But the driver gets 50% of his car's earnings, the chief mechanic gets 15%, and the crew splits 10%. An owner might get \$50,000 as his share of the winning purse, but the chances are he's promised that much in bonuses.

"There are ways to get back part of your investment. Owners can sell sponsorships—although my cars, naturally, are always STP Specials—and a top group can get \$100,000 a car. However, most of the front money that was around when the tire and oil companies were battling has dried up.

"And there are other ways a car owner can spend money. Last year I was so anxious for the best operation possible that I somehow managed to promise more than 100% of the purse. That means that if we had won, I would have paid out the entire purse and then reached into my pocket for the rest. But I guarantee you, if we had won I would have done it with the biggest smile you've ever seen."

SALARY?

This may be an older, but it's nice. The skipper of a sinking pleasure boat out of Chesapeake Bay radioed repeatedly for help. "We're on our way," the Coast Guard replied. "What is your position? Repeat. What is your position?"

"I'm executive vice president of the First National Bank," answered the yachtman. "Please hurry."

SURE WINNER

A couple of months ago (SI, March 31) Whitney Tower criticized the practice followed by many state governors of appointing political allies or old friends to responsible jobs in horse racing. Football coaches, public-relations men and Democratic and Republican wheelhorses were given positions requiring professional knowledge of racing, while experienced, qualified men were passed over.

It is a pleasure, therefore, to report significant progress in this area. In Florida, one of the offending states, a bill was introduced in the legislature last month that requires a person licensed or appointed as a steward either to have been in the horse-racing industry for

continued



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for every member
of the
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SCORECARD

five years or to have had prior experience as a patrol judge, clerk of the scales, placing judge, harness-racing judge or steward.

In Pennsylvania there was a more immediate and gratifying action. This weekend that state begins its first season of pari-mutuel flat racing with the opening of the 12-week Continental and Eagle Downs meeting at Liberty Bell Park. Track stewards for the meeting are George Palmer and J. Melvin Mackin, both racing veterans, and another new appointee, as patrol judge, is Earl Hanford, who trained Kelso. Most important, the state steward, appointed by Governor Raymond Shafer, is Alex Stokes, who not only has been a paddock judge, a placing judge, a patrol judge and a steward at various leading tracks but who has, in effect, been schooled in racing under such outstanding stewards as Keene Dummerfield, Aidan Roark and Earl Potter. In other words, Stokes is an eminently qualified man whose presence will enhance horse racing in Pennsylvania, which is the way it should be.

NEW DADDY

Speaking of hiring qualified people, few men have ever come to a job with better credentials for it than the new president of the Western Hockey League. He is Gene Kinasevich, who was a highly skilled and widely publicized All-American hockey player at Harvard several years ago (SI, March 19, 1962 et seq.) His hockey background is valuable, of course, but even more to the point—for a man whose prime duties will include the handling of the volatile, conflicting and often emotional problems besetting the league's players and management—Kinasevich graduated from Harvard magna cum laude after studying, among other things, child and adolescent psychology.

THEY SAID IT

• Walter O'Malley, owner of the Los Angeles Dodgers: "Is baseball on the spot? I would say yes, but then religion is on the spot, government is on the spot, the integrity of treaties is on the spot. These are times when people spot on the flag, when priests go over the fence. You have to understand the pattern of things today. There is rebellion against the establishment, and baseball is linked to the establishment."

END

I take it all back

(What I said about Long Distance costing too much.)

Some businessmen used to think it cost too much to use Long Distance in their day-to-day operations. But now they think differently. They know time is expensive. And that calling costs less than ever. So they say, "Settle it now by Long Distance."



AT&T
NETWORK

WEST IN A BIRDBATH

The Orioles, led by the torrid all-round play of Frank Robinson, almost ended the American League East-West debate as Baltimore humbled Minnesota and Oakland in the teams' first serious go-round **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Should anybody ever manufacture a Major League Manager Talking Doll like Bozo or Chatty Cathy or Woody Woodpecker or Barbie, it probably will say things like "We play 'em one at a time" or "Every game is a hug game." And a long yank on the rip cord in its back conceivably could elicit something like "Over the long haul the breaks tend to equal themselves out." The last would be an all-out lie of the sort children should never be told. In order to win a pennant the breaks have to be stacked heavily in favor of one doll and one team. Last week that was exactly what was happening to the Baltimore Orioles, currently the finest team in the major leagues.

On successive nights, for example, the Orioles had allowed the potential tying run to get to first base in the ninth inning only to have their pitcher promptly pick it off. How often is a runner ever picked off first in the ninth inning? In a game against the powerful Minnesota Twins the Orioles yielded two walks and three hits in the first inning. With a splurge like that, the Twins usually produce four, maybe even five, runs. They finished with two and the Orioles came back to win.

Bert Campaneris, the swift leadoff hitter for the Oakland Athletics, provided yet another case of unequal breaks. Trying to get a rally started, he dropped a beautiful bunt down the third-base line and everyone in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium knew that he would beat it out. About five strides from home plate, however, Campaneris' little white shoes began to spin, he fell down in a heap

and lay watching on the ground as Brooks Robinson threw him out by 50 feet. Still down, the frustrated Campaneris slammed his batting helmet into the ground, convinced perhaps that he was the victim of voodoo. Maybe he was. Certainly the Boston Red Sox must feel that they are being spooked by something Baltimore is either doing on its own or having done for it in a higher league. After winning 15 of 19 games, they looked up to see the tailfights of the Orioles disappearing in the direction of the American League East title.

The season is now a quarter over, and the Orioles, who have won more games than any other team, have played 15 different series and managed to lose only one of them. This spring the weather has been wet, cold and rainy and there have been postponements galore, but Baltimore has lost only two playing dates, which will mean a lot later on when the Orioles are playing singles while the others are forced into doubleheaders with tired pitching staffs.

It was not luck alone, however, that was keeping the Orioles far out in front. Four of their pitchers—Dave McNally, Tom Phoebus, Dave Leonhard and Dick Hall—have worked themselves into records that add up to 17-1. Two others, Mike Cuellar and Jim Palmer, have even been unlucky, but they have thrown six shutouts. Paul Blair, the fine centerfielder hotshot for much of last year by a broken ankle, is well up among the leaders in total hits, Dave Johnson and Don Buford are tied for second place in the league in doubles, Boog Powell, although behind Frank Robinson in runs batted

in on his own team, is among the top four in the league and he finished last week still in a 15-game hitting streak.

The first serious test of the Orioles' strength—and of the East by the Western Division—was supposed to come last week when the Minnesota Twins and Oakland Athletics arrived successively in Baltimore to play six games. The play was excellent and close but, except for a 3-2 loss to the Twins in 13 innings, all Baltimore's. Every time the Twins or the A's made a mistake, the Orioles were there to capitalize on it. By winning five of the six from the best of the West, they ran their record to 12-5 against Western Division clubs and they still had not met the Seattle Pilots or California Angels, the two weakest clubs in the federation.

Contributing the most to all this Baltimore bombast was Frank Robinson. Last year at this time he was seeing two and three balls when only one was being thrown. This season, his vision no longer impaired, he is hitting like the Robinson who three years ago won the triple crown. With the Orioles trailing the Twins 2-0 one night, he led off the sixth inning with a homer to left and crossed the plate with his arm raised as if to spur the team on. One inning later he drove a perfect hit-and-run single to right field past diving Harmon Killebrew to produce one run and then scored himself on a single by Dave Johnson.

Robinson was running, too. Against Oakland and "Blue Moon" Odom, the first pitcher in the majors to win seven games this year, Robinson reached third with one out in the sixth and Baltimore

continued

Starting into a scoreless evening, Frank Robinson got the Orioles headed in winning direction with a sixth-inning homer in third Twins game.





Orioles' Brooks Robinson settles under pop-up.

BIRDATH centurion

behind 3-2. Brooks Robinson, who is one of the few Orioles having a bad season at the plate, hit a lazy fly ball to short left field. Robinson tagged up as third as Mike Hershberger backed up in order to be running full steam when he caught the ball and threw to the plate. With the catch, Robinson lit out for home and Phil Roof, the 6' 3", 200-pound catcher for the A's, who had the plate blocked. Hershberger's throw and Robinson arrived simultaneously, and the force of the collision could be heard in Wilmington. The ball spilled loose, Robinson was safe and Roof rose only as high as his knees as he tried to recover from the impact. Robinson himself stayed on the ground for a long time before finally getting up with the help of four teammates. He left the game with a hurt right knee, but was back the next night.

And Robinson was fielding, crashing into right-field walls all over the league. He was stuffing potential extra-base hits into his glove and even making fine throws to the infield, these despite an arm that will never remind anyone of Carl Fazio's.

After the Orioles had beaten the Twins two games to one, Robinson, who managed Santurce in the Puerto Rican League last winter, explained why he thought he and Baltimore were off to such a good start. "We are a much looser team than we have been in the last two years," he began. "Everyone is trying to do the little things to help everyone else—things like being perfectly willing to give yourself up to help the over-all cause of the team. Once we do get something started we try to force the issue as much as we can. This is a team with a lot of power and real good



defense, but we also have the speed that can cause mistakes by the other team. Sure we can steal, but picking up the extra base is often more valuable. And we have been alert. That means full concentration on the game."

An example of this awareness came one night against Minnesota. On second base against Twin Pitcher Dave Boswell, Robinson noticed that Boswell checked him only once and then threw. After he had scored, Robinson told Blair in the dugout what he had discovered. Two innings later Blair doubled. When Boswell checked him, that was all Blair needed. He took off, and Boswell looked silly as, belatedly, he spun and threw to second. Blair was going into third. Robinson singled Blair home with the winning run.

This year Robinson feels he is hitting more to right than before. "I'm getting

continued



Linda Wareheim, Baltimore's midgame base sweeper, gives an Orlie the brush-off.



Barraging in after tagging up at third on short outfield fly, Frank Robinson crashes into big Phil Roof. Roof loses ball in the furious impact. Robinson rose dazed—but with a run.



Twins' Billy Martin was glum, unconvinced.



Joe DiMaggio hopefully eyed A's batters.



Ex-Orioles Manager Hank Bauer pained.



more curves," he said, "so I'm punching the ball to right, and I hope to keep doing it." At the end of last week Robinson was hitting .339, had 12 homers, 12 other extra-base hits and 35 runs batted in and his slugging percentage was .665.

In the first weeks of interdivisional play the Eastern Division, considered far superior to the West, fell behind in head-to-head competition. It is now ahead 53-43. Only two Eastern clubs, the Washington Senators and the Cleveland Indians, have losing records against the West. The Indians, who have the worst record in the majors and may soon have to give away bats, balls and a hank of hair to lure people into Municipal Stadium, are only one game under .500 in Western competition.

The record notwithstanding, the West's two leaders are not all that bad. The Twins hustle and play daring ball for their new manager, Billy Martin, and Rod Carew has already stolen home four times. Against the Orioles the Twins left far too many runners on base, but now that Allan Worthington is coming out of retirement to help the bullpen Minnesota may be much stronger. The A's, under Hank Bauer, are a fine young team. Unfortunately, like all fine young teams, they make an awful lot of costly mistakes through inexperience.

All of which suggests that Managers Martin and Bauer are more than adequate. They also can get on the umpires a bit. But nobody is drawing the umpires' attention as much this season as Earl Weaver, Baltimore's new manager. Bauer's successor is as colorful as the species gets. He is also nobody's doll manager.

Weaver took over the Orioles following last year's All-Star break, and since then the team has won 80 games while losing only 47. During the exhibition season this year Baltimore had the best record of any major league team and the best exhibition record any Oriole team ever had. Before regular play Weaver was asked about the spring record. "One day into the regular season," he said, "about the only one who will remember that we were 19-5 will be me."

The club Weaver inherited was a very good one. In the last five seasons Baltimore compiled the best record of any team in baseball and since 1960 the Ori-

oles have finished in the first division seven times. When they won their only pennant in 1966 they promptly pulled off one of the major upsets of modern times by beating the Los Angeles Dodgers in the World Series four straight. One year later, however, the Orioles were so off their feed that potential fans were knocking each other over retreating to the Eastern Shore from Memorial Stadium. During the pennant year 1,200,000 saw the Orioles. The average dropped 4,500 a game in the season that followed and in 1968 the figure dropped some 1,200 more a date.

One reason for the disenchantment and poor play was the inordinate number of sore arms on what was basically a young pitching staff. Wally Bunker, now with Kansas City, Palmer and McNally, who had each pitched a World Series shutout, were supposed to be the blocks on which a new American League dynasty would be built to replace the New York Yankees. By the following June, Palmer was in Rochester trying to recover from a sore shoulder, Bunker was pitching out of the bullpen and McNally, bothered by a sore elbow, was giving up homers in bunches. Instead of winning the 50 games that many thought they might, the three won only 13 while losing 15. Late in June, Frank Robinson crashed into second base attempting to break up a double play and succeeded in breaking up only his vision. Steve Barber's experience summarized the 1967 season. He pitched a no-hitter and lost.

Things had to get better in 1968, but never did. The sore arms were blamed on Pitching Coach Harry (The Cat) Brecheen and he was fired. When the team fell 10½ games behind at the All-Star break, so was Bauer. Twice during his five seasons with the Orioles he had been named the American League's Manager of the Year, yet he had never been rewarded with more than a one-year contract. When the Orioles' trust in him begrudgingly had been extended to two years, Bauer found himself surrounded in the second year by coaches not of his own choosing. One of them was Earl Weaver, soon to replace him. Bauer had tried to resist the appointment.

At 38, Weaver is the youngest manager in the American League today and he has a pensive sense of humor that bal-

flies some people and quickly finds the nerves of umpires. He spent 20 years playing and managing in minor league towns like West Frankfort, Ill., Fitzgerald, Ga. and Appleton, Wis. Back in 1952 he went to his first spring training, with the St. Louis Cardinals as a second baseman. He performed well, but the Cardinals had a fair second baseman named Albert Schoendienst and sent him back to the minors. Weaver, enraged by it all, sulked and fumed. Today he is still annoyed by the memory of his own behavior.

The Orioles gave him a chance to manage at the age of 27 in the low minors and he has been an organization man ever since. During his 11 years as a minor league manager his teams won three pennants and finished second five times. At one point or another he managed no fewer than 16 of the current 25 Orioles, either in the minors or during his winter managing jobs in the Puerto Rican League. Once, while working at Elmira, N.Y., he became so infuriated at an umpire that he picked up third base after being thrown out of a game and walked off the field with it.

Today there are some who wonder just how many umpires he will over-inflame. Nobody, however, denies that he is colorful when, in his sly way, he is going for the jugular. He has a weather-beaten face, a wry smile and an ability to strike a stance during an argument that suggests that he represents all men ever wronged. Out of uniform he looks like the guy who comes every Tuesday to read the gas meter. But he is not dumb.

It was Weaver who encouraged Frank Robinson to take the job last winter as manager of Santurce. A keeper of statistics, Weaver is always trying to lift his team psychologically. He keeps a bullhorn in his dressing room and is not afraid to go out on the field during workouts and use it to instruct his players. This spring he rigged a sign in the team's Maam training headquarters that read, "It's what you learn after you know it all that counts." The Orioles know an awful lot about playing baseball and they are learning a lot more with each passing game. Unless someone can catch them quickly, they and Weaver may have all the other managing dolls in a corner talking to themselves. **END**

Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver, first becoming baseball's busiest baller, flashes the enigmatic smile that umpires are beginning to loathe.

Who made the decision that Majestic Prince would skip the Belmont Stakes after winning the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness? Why was the decision changed? In a remarkably candid discussion of racing's cause célèbre, Owner Frank McMahon tells the full story for the first time



THE MAN TAKES CHARGE OF HIS HORSE

by WHITNEY TOWER

Francis Murray Patrick McMahon, the 66-year-old Vancouver industrialist with the rugged look of the Western outdoors spread over his broad features, did not graduate from the status of a \$4-a-day coltfield drilling job to that of a millionaire builder of pipelines by letting himself be pushed around. So last week, when the notion finally occurred to him that some muscle was being put on him by two of his colleagues in the management of his undefeated colt Majestic Prince, he reacted the way he might have 45 years ago if a drilling boss had shortchanged him on a Saturday-night paycheck.

What he did a little more than 48 hours after reluctantly agreeing with his trainer, Johnny Longden, and his longtime friend and adviser, Leslie Combs, that their Derby and

continued

McMahon displays a look of command, and Longden, back at Belmont, shows his affection for the Prince



Preakness winner should skip the Belmont Stakes—was to make a quick decision to go to Belmont after all. This was a highly controversial issue within the triumvirate that has guided the Prince since his purchase by McMahon from Combs at the Keeneland sales on July 24, 1967. And the sudden change of course drew a wide reaction from horsemen and the press throughout the sport. For while Frank McMahon seemed to be striking a blow for racing's long-suffering, bill-paying owners, he was simultaneously veering sharply away from one of racing's unwritten laws—the one that says an owner picks the best man he can to train his horses and then allows the trainer to make all decisions as to when and where to run. If McMahon was not following the rule, he was doing something his own instincts told him was right: giving Majestic Prince the opportunity to prove he is good enough to become racing's only unbeaten Triple Crown champion.

Last week, finally escaping from the pressures that pursued them every step of the way at Churchill Downs and Pimlico, McMahon and his wife, Betty, retreated to their winter home in Palm Beach, a rambling old mansion built by Addison Mizner. McMahon looked fondly at his newly arrived Kentucky Derby gold cup. He paced the patio by the pool, stopped for a moment to inspect some pictures just in from the Preakness and then sat down with a sigh. Betty poured him a beer, and he leaned back. "I hate to see this thing built up out of proportion," he said, "especially because Johnny Longden and Leslie Combs have been very good friends of mine for a long, long time. But in order to avoid any further misunderstanding I feel I must set the record straight.

"In the first place, nobody made this decision but myself, and it was not because of newspaper criticism, most of which hadn't even appeared in print when I made up my mind. Roughly the sequence of events is this. On the Sunday after the Preakness, when Johnny told me he felt the colt needed a rest, I went along with his decision. I felt that if he was all that tired Majestic Prince should remain at Pimlico a while and then come on to Belmont anyway to see how he progressed. What disappointed me, to say the least, was that without my knowledge Longden ordered a plane for California. I came home to

Palm Beach Sunday afternoon and stewed about this whole thing for two days and two nights. Why in hell am I doing this? I asked myself. Why are we ordering a plane and leaving the show? This colt should be with the others at Belmont, and if he's O.K. he'll run. If he's not, he won't. If he runs and gets beaten, at least he will have tried. Sure, he might lose; he might not want to go a mile and a half. But I'm thinking to myself, there's one chance in 50 million that I would ever get in this position again. Win or lose, if the horse is all right it's something I've got to go for. And I knew perfectly well that once Majestic Prince got to California there would be no chance of getting him back to Belmont Park for a race on June 7.

"So Tuesday evening I called Longden and said, 'I want to stop this whole thing and ship the horse to Belmont. I own this horse 100%'; this is the way I want it and this is the way it's going to be.' Longden listened to me and then replied, 'If you want the press to train the horse that's O.K. with me.' I answered him quickly, 'The press is not training this horse. You are. Do you think he can win the Belmont?' 'Yes,' said Longden, 'he can win.' 'O.K.,' that's what I want you to do; do your best to win the Belmont.'"

When he had decided to take matters into his own hands, McMahon also took a few added precautions. For one, not being entirely aware of how much progress had been made in getting Majestic Prince to Baltimore's Friendship Airport and aboard his westbound plane, McMahon telephoned the Baltimore office of United Air Lines. "To make sure I wasn't doublecrossed, I told them that under no circumstances was the horse to get on any plane. Longden and I also called Pimlico and told them Majestic Prince was not to leave the grounds that night. And, in explaining my actions to Leslie Combs, I reminded him, as one friend to another, that even though he was the breeder, I owned the horse 100%; and that he hadn't anything to say about this decision."

The question now in the minds of all horsemen is whether Majestic Prince, a son of Raise A Native, can run a winning race at a mile and a half against colts like Arts and Letters and Dike, both of whom appear to have more valid staying bloodlines.

"Whether he can or cannot," said Mc-

Mahon, "won't be decided until the afternoon of June 7. But the point here is that if we're looking for motives as to why Longden and Combs would not want Majestic Prince even to try the Belmont, there are motives to be found. In Leslie's case he's a commercial breeder, which means he has to be a pretty shifty politician. I don't blame him for that because that's his business. He's got other Raise A Native offspring to sell, and eventually he'll stand Majestic Prince at his Spendthrift Farm in Lexington. Wouldn't he—or any other breeder—feel better to be standing a richer and undefeated stallion than one who had been beaten in the Belmont? As for Longden, he must have a lot of money buried away somewhere, but he knows that he could probably make more, on his percentage of purses, by skipping the Belmont, resting up and winning a lot of other races on the West Coast and in Chicago later on against inferior competition. But with the kind of money I'm already paying Longden, I think he should make it his business to want to win the kind of races I want to win, too. Before he won his last race on George Royal in the 1966 San Juan Capistrano—and a brilliant ride it was—I said to him, 'When you quit racing you'll train for me. I know you're a good horseman.' I promised him \$25,000 a year and 15% of all purses across the board and told him, 'I want you to run a first-class operation. Try to save me a little money, but don't neglect the horses.' This year, in addition to the percentages coming to them, I gave both Longden and Hartack \$5,000 each after the Santa Anita Derby, the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness." (Longden has made \$73,380 on Majestic Prince so far in six months of racing—\$58,380 as his 15% commission on the colt's winnings of \$389,200, plus \$15,000 in bonuses.)

Leslie Combs' answer to all this as: "Somebody must be putting pressure on Frank to run in the Belmont, and I don't know who is doing it or why. It's a tough race, and if the colt isn't at his peak it would be terrible to have him beat. That's what I'm thinking of. A horse is not like a machine. You can't run 'em when you want to. You run when the horse shows you he's ready. Being a good sport is all right if the horse is O.K., but what's the point in being a good sport if you think the horse

may be beat? Majestic Prince didn't look as good as Pimlico as he did at Churchill Downs. If he's lost weight, that's all right, too, because you expect a good horse to lose weight in tough races. You also expect him to gain it back before considering going a mile and a half in early June."

After first estimating that Majestic Prince had lost 100 pounds following the Preakness, Longden put him on the scales at Belmont last week and discovered the actual loss to be 45 pounds—he was down to 1,080 from the 1,125 he weighed before the March 29 Santa Anita Derby. "He gets over his races quickly," said Longden, "and he'll get around to this one just fine. Sure I was surprised to see Frank change his mind, but he's the owner, and it's his prerogative to do what he wants. I'll do my best to train the horse the right way. I think he'll run good. In fact I think he'll win, but it's what he'll be like later that bothers me."

Before going to New York, Longden claimed he was misquoted about the use-

fulness of most Belmont Stakes winners. It is true that Count Fleet, the colt he rode to a Triple Crown against a poor wartime field in 1943, never raced again after his 25-length Belmont victory. But if Johnny really thinks this is the general pattern after the classic known among horsemen as the breeders' race, he has failed to do his homework thoroughly. Just in recent years Nashua, Gallant Fox, Sword Dancer, Jaipur, Quadrangle and Dan Patch lost either the Derby or Preakness or both, then won the Belmont and further fame later on. "I didn't mean it the way it came out," says Longden. "I know there are good horses who won the Belmont. What I meant is that there are some who were not as good ever again. And what I also didn't get around to saying in that one interview is that there have been a number of other horses—like Buckpasser, Swaps, Dr. Fager and Kelso—who skipped the Belmont altogether and became great horses later on despite that."

The McMahon children, Francine, 12,

and Bettina, 9, came home from school for their tennis lesson with professional John Spussoff, an assistant trainer for the Baltimore Colts, whose father, Dick, also a Colt trainer, drops by every day to give Frank a message. McMahon sent them on their way with a friendly pat and got back to his favorite subject. "I stay not be the most knowledgeable owner-breeder in the horse business, but I don't think I'm all that stupid, either. A lot of people who are reading about Majestic Prince figure me for a guy who just got into the game last week. I've actually been in it for 25 years and have had both fun and success."

Long before Frank was going into partnership with friends like Dana Fuller, Wilder Ripley and Max Bell he was a serious college student and an even more serious outfield hand. At Gonzaga University in Spokane, where he was a varsity second baseman, he got to know a fellow in the class below him who "used to come to our smokers and really belt out a song." His name was Bing Crosby, and the two have been good

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY COBLE



Sharing his Preakness victory, McMahon drops breeder Lasky Combs to winner's circle, along with wife, Betty McMahon, and their daughters



Along his horse on Belmont's scales, Longden finds the Prince has lost less than he thought

friends ever since. Frank quit college to work in his father's mines and later went into the oil business with brothers George and John. All this eventually led to vast riches accumulated partly through a 2,200-mile trans-Canada natural-gas pipeline.

Some 20 years ago McMahon and Publisher Max Bell organized Alberta Ranches, Ltd., a 640-acre operation outside Calgary. Longden was doing a lot of riding in Canada at the time, and his eldest son, Vance, came in on the Alberta Ranches deal and soon became the stable's trainer. Getting rid of the cheap horses they had acquired along

the way, Bell and McMahon sought a higher-caliber animal, and their search often took them to sales in England.

Among their early successes were Royal Serenade, bought in England for \$20,000 and the English-bred Indian Hemp, who was good enough to be invited to represent Canada in the first Washington, D.C. International at Laurel in 1952. But the star was Meadow Court, picked up for less than \$10,000 in Ireland by Paddy Prendergast. He was second to Sea-Bird in the 1965 Epsom Derby. Then, on the eve of the Irish Derby an incident occurred that led to an eventual curtailment of the partnership with

Bell. It also gave McMahon a taste of what it is like to be relegated to the sidelines by your own friends.

"You see," McMahon says, "Meadow Court ran abroad in Max's name, and Max never bothered to declare the proper ownership. Everyone thought the horse was his. He liked that fine, but Betty and I didn't exactly go for it—even though we always got our share of the purses from Max later. A few days before the Irish Derby, Max got hold of Crosby and invited him to join us in Dublin. And to sweeten the invitation, Max told Crosby, in effect, 'If you'll come over I'll eat you in on Meadow Court.' Well, Crosby came, the horse won and we were practically trampled to death by the crowd at The Curragh trying to get a glimpse of Crosby. Bing did a hell of a job and sang *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling* at the presentation ceremony, but Betty was mad because we didn't get much mention at all. The point is, if Max had asked me what I felt about Crosby coming in for a third of the horse I would have probably said O.K., but he never even asked me."

With Longden's assistance as a rookie trainer in the summer of 1966, McMahon started buying horses in the sky-high, competitive U.S. commercial market. Since then, he estimates, he has spent close to \$1 million at yearling sales alone, most of it in buying from Leslie Combs at the Keeneland Summer Sales. All told, McMahon has some 35 horses in training in the California and Canadian divisions of his stable, and another three in England and Ireland. In addition, he has a few weanlings and yearlings in partnership with Combs, four broodmares of his own and 10 others with Combs. "Even with the sort of stock I'm gradually getting," says McMahon, "my stable is running a \$1 million deficit. So it's nice to win some purses. And the prestige is nice, too."

On the night of July 24, 1967 McMahon and Longden sensed they were about to experience a kind of prestige unknown to either of them. They had observed the wondrous progress of a sturdy chestnut colt by Raissa A Native out of the unraced broodmare Gay Hostess (by Royal Charger) virtually since his foaling date on March 19, 1966. He was a beauty, this one, and both Longden and McMahon wanted him badly. But so did California owner Mrs. Bert Martin, who, only moments before the

continued



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chestnut was led into the Keeneland sales ring, had paid \$55,000 for a Nashua colt she eventually named Right Cross. As the bidding rose to the \$200,000 mark, Mrs. Martin showed no sign of giving in. When she bid \$240,000 there was a pause. "What wasn't known then by anyone but Leslie and myself," McMahon recalled last week, "was that although Leslie was listed as the breeder, I owned half of the dam, Gay Hostess. So I had a choice when Mrs. Martin went to \$240,000. I could drop out and collect my \$120,000 from the sale to Mrs. Martin or I could raise the bid to \$250,000 and only be out \$125,000. I wanted the colt so badly that's what I did."

Now, nearly two years later, Majestic Prince is at Belmont Park, exercising lightly and trying to regain some of his weight before the final works that will tell Longden whether he should or should not attempt to become the ninth Triple Crown winner and first since Citation 21 years ago. In his training along the way to New York the Prince has already broken two track records in his morning gallops. Although McMahon doesn't necessarily agree that fit horses have to be worked that fast, he gives Longden no static on that score. "After all," he said as he slowly gathered up his pictures and papers at the end of a warm Palm Beach afternoon, "Longden learned a lot by being around the late Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons years ago. With Sunny Jim it was often a survival-of-the-fittest approach, and if Johnny gets off Majestic Prince in the mornings and tells me 'I can't hold him, he wants to go,' I've got to go along with him."

"I think that if he's lost a little weight and is a little tired, that's natural. But if he is absolutely sound—and thus far he has been—he will bounce back. After all, if he's tired he can't be any more tired than Arts and Letters, and we haven't heard his people complaining, have we? We've had some pretty easy races along the way. Arts and Letters has had a much tougher go than we have, and nobody talks about him taking a rest instead of running in the Belmont."

McMahon took one more look at his gold Derby cup and smiled. "What the hell, we could have said Majestic Prince was hurt and gone home to California and none of this business would ever have come up. But he's not hurt, and if he's still sound on June 7 he will run. And if he loses, so what?"

END

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**What daddy wants,
daddy gets.
And daddy wants
Old Spice.**

Old Spice After Shave and Cologne.

The stadium was very quiet now, thought the doctor, but the wind rushing across the field still seemed to carry the rage of the crowd. "Damn, they were mad," he said, turning to Jimmy Ellis, who had just been awarded an unpopular decision after a bitter, savage fight with Floyd Patterson. Then the two of them (right), breath steaming into the cold Stockholm night, hurried to their car. Back at the hotel the room was silent. The lamps were moved closer to the bed and their shades removed. "The nose is fractured in three places, Jimmy," the doctor said, and then his hands began moving over the face that was conveying so much about what it is like to be a fighter.

"How bad is it cut?" asked Ellis.

"Not very bad," said the doctor. "You've got a lot of dirt in it."

"Well, you take your time. I don't want it to open again."

"Don't worry. What about the nose?"

"Well, I can't breathe through it. I'm swallowing a lot of blood in the back."

"Is it making you sick?"

"No, I'm . . ."

"Now, Jimmy," said his wife—tell the doctor. Please tell him."

"Well . . . it's my hand, my left one. I can't move this hand. I can't make a fist. It's the thumb. It's throbbing like hell."

The doctor worked on the cut first. Like most cuts in a fight, it was a tear one that rips and opens more throughout a fight. He cleaned the opening and then cleaned it again and again until he was



IN THE CORNER FOR KICKS

Boxing's irremediable romantic, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, ministers to Angelo Dundee's prizefighters 'just for the pleasure' **by MARK KRAM**

certain the tissue was free of all the foreign particles, rosin, gauze and Vaseline, that can penetrate a wound. Then, with a special tissue scissors, he made an elliptical incision so that the pieces of skin came together, skin meeting skin perfectly all along the line. The suturing was next, single stitches, just one at a time, each placed very closely to the other. "There, Jimmy, it won't open again," said the doctor. "Remember Fernandez? He took 64. That one never opened again, did it?"

Aside from cursory treatment, the swollen, broken nose would have to wait for what would be a one-hour operation back in Miami. But the pain in the thumb, now gone visible on the fighter's pale and shadowed face, was eased by a local anesthetic and a shot of cortisone. Soon the room was dark and the fighter slept.

"You know," said the doctor, walking out of the room, "a writer once asked me what was the most humorous thing I've seen in boxing. Well, I see humor in everything, but, looking at his face tonight, suddenly there never have been any howls in boxing. Never any laughs."

The treatment by Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, boxing's tireless romanticist, was ordinary, except maybe for the stitching, which is often done poorly by others after a fight. What was unique was his presence in Sweden, particularly in Ellis' corner during the fight. The only doctors you hear of or see in boxing are the ones from the commissions, who all look the same, who all say or do the same things, such as filling out reports with vague poppycock or looking at a scale and whispering "192 pounds" to the nearest guy with the biggest mouth. Pacheco is one apart. He is a fixture in the busy camp of Angelo Dundee in Miami, but there are some who dismiss him merely as a dilettante, a peripheral figure in the sport. The dilettante in boxing is a man with position and money who likes to be around fighters. He is also known as a sucker, mainly because most boxing people, fighters and managers, delight in "using" anyone foolish enough to think he belongs to their murky world. "I don't mind being called

a dilettante even though I'm not one," says Pacheco. "It's just that the word makes me think of a guy sitting across the room with a powdered wig. I'm not sitting there. I make a contribution."

For eight years now Pacheco has worked with the Dundees, helping them with Muhammad Ali, Jimmy Ellis, Luis Rodriguez, Willie Pastrano, Florentino Fernandez and a hundred other fighters who are just names in the record books. He is a confidant of Rodriguez and Ellis and travels to all parts of the world with them. With Pacheco present, the Dundees and their fighters have medical security: instant advice, meticulous care after a fight and access without snarl through medical channels when a fighter needs specialized attention. He also doggedly treats such a caseload of social disease (the measles of most fight stables) that friends believe he may be the foremost authority in the world on the subject.

Of course, even those boxing people who agree that Pacheco performs a valuable function do so only in a mumble. Encomiums within the society, no matter how sparse, are rare—that is, except for the nonsense about cutmen. Ask any cornerman who works on cuts about someone else who does the same thing and he will say, as if he were giving you the combination to the hotel safe, "Great, he's a great cutman." The trouble with this is that it is impossible—despite the club's guarded hints at dark secrets and miraculous solutions—to be a bad cutman if you have diligently spent a reasonable period in a fighter's corner. Pacheco does not work on cuts in the corner, but his presence there seems to provoke distemper and suspicion in and out of the business even though he does not accept or want money for his time and treatment. This attitude of his stuns the sensibilities of the rabble and has produced the observation that Pacheco—besides being sort of a Dr. Paul Ehrlich—is certainly the Albert Schweitzer of boxing.

To begin with, the medical profession in the Miami area did not think much of Pacheco exposing himself—his colleagues considered it demeaning for him even to be seen in a corner. Chris Dundee, the power of the camp and one of

the nimblest operators in all of boxing, advised him, "Don't get in the corner, Doc. Don't screw up your dignity." But Chris, when faced with a good thing, is not an obstinate man. Elsewhere in the sport, whose natives have always been afflicted with acute paranoia, the grumbling remains pronounced. Promoters view Pacheco as a man preparing to open some action of his own. Managers, often short on money, see him as a man with money intent on stealing their fighters. Cornermen, a highly insecure group because of the job market, consider him a threat to their daily scuffling. "Only the fighters used to invite my services," says Pacheco. "But some of the resistance to me is over now. I guess they finally realized I'm not a threat, not interested in money. Just the pleasure."

This is fine, but Pacheco's motivation cuts much deeper. Not long ago he outlined an idea for a television series. The location is Miami, one of the medical centers of the South, capital of the lower Eastern Seaboard and gate to the Caribbean. It is also, the plot goes, the home of a million Cuban refugees and a nest where revolutions for South America are hatched—a place abounding with jewel thieves, soldiers of fortune, con artists and enough odd strains of humanity to sustain a television series through infinity. The protagonist is a doctor who moves through these catcombs—including the boxing scene—with ease and knowledge. He is in his late 30s, not particularly handsome, and he lives in an apartment overlooking Biscayne Bay. He is also a relentless student of history and an artist. The doctor is clearly a man of gargantuan dimensions who each week lives a life filled with drama, humor, intrigue and style.

Any similarity between Pacheco and the TV protagonist is not purely accidental. All of the drama and so forth may be at a minimum, but Pacheco in real life is the model for the series. He is not exactly a gentleman walking around in a baggy tweed suit with rimless glasses down on his nose and a pharmacy in his pocket. Swarthy, and with a medium build, he has quick yet weary eyes. His appearance is ultracontemporary, with delicately cut suits and boots

continued

from England. His tastes are civilized: attractive women, good food and wine and lively conversation, which he usually directs or misdirects. His apartment across the bay, which has a decor that is a blend of Eastern Parkway Provincial military archive and art gallery, reveals his interests with a cradle, hooks on battles, generals and revolutions, his own

is not fond of history. Pacheco re-created the Battle of Midway. When Ellis emerged from the car he could still smell the guns and hear the planes, and he felt as if he had just lunched in the cabins of the U.S. and Japanese commanders.

"I like to think of myself," says Pacheco, "as sort of a Renaissance man. People attribute a lot of immaturity to

emergency room action, and that's what I like. Plus, because many of them don't have much money, they have to work hard, very hard in life. So these are also industrial neighborhoods and I have an industrial injuries practice—people who have cement blocks dropped on their feet, people who have lacerations, have hurt their low back, smashed their hands in a vise, automobile accidents.

"And that all brings in another aspect. You get into forensic medicine, or being an expert medical witness where you have to go to court and testify what you've done for a patient. That appears simple, because all you have to do is say what you've done for somebody, but forensic medicine has gotten complicated because of insurance companies and different attitudes to our treatment. It ends up with you spending a lot of time fighting for your life in court. That is to say, rather than attempt to ascertain the truth, your opponent—the defense—would rather discredit you as a doctor. So you really spend time matching wits with an attorney rather than just simply stating what's happened to the patient. You end up in a series of oral examinations, which, if nothing else sharpens your wits. I find it fulfilling to be able to do it well, and it's not an easy task anymore. I make a lot of money, though, and I give a lot away. I have a lot of friends who alternately make a lot of money for me and some who cause me to lose some."

Pacheco grew up in Tampa in an atmosphere that was at once Old Europe and Old Chicago. For years he lived in his grandfather's house, where certain rituals were strictly observed, long dinners, opera on the radio with Milton Cross on Saturday afternoons, Toscanini on Sunday afternoons. Later the Pachecos moved out and his father opened a drugstore. He also entered politics. From then on the old man carried a .45 and slept with it under his pillow. "It was all over gambling," says Pacheco. "The person or faction that controlled the Spanish numbers game called *bofito* controlled the town. There were four factions, Spanish, Jewish, Cuban and Italian factions. These people began a war of attrition that kept escalating until there were awesome casualties on all sides. My father was nearly killed, too, but the guy with the cheeper missed him and hit the man he was walking with. The only people left standing



PACHECO COUNSELS LUIS RODRIGUEZ, WHO ONCE RELIED ON GREEN COCONUT JUICE

paintings, including one called *The Aerial Dodger*, and a mammoth self-portrait that was created one morning in the wake of a nightmare. A large statue of W.C. Fields looks up at the portrait.

Perhaps it is Pacheco's name that is responsible for the suspicious expression on Fields' face. It has a sinister tone to it that pricks the imagination. Could he be the master intriguer behind some illicit Cuban scheme? Or, yes, with that white suit and long thin cigar, he surely could be the exiled propagandist for the deposed Batista. Unfortunately—and it is a point of great sorrow to him—his life is not that titillating, but not because of lack of effort. When things become static he seems to transfer into another world. On one long drive with Jimmy Ellis, who

me because I keep trying things, but I have no inhibitions. I couldn't be a writer all the time if my life depended on it. I couldn't be anything all the time. I can't be a doctor all the time, either. My personality is fragmented. If I don't do that, I'll do something else."

Pacheco practices out of two offices in Miami, both of which are in indigent Cuban and Negro neighborhoods. "It's the way I like it," he says, standing below a painting of his that has been punctured by a bullet. "Oh, that—it was just somebody firing at somebody else out there and the shot came through my window. Anyway, this kind of practice suits my personality. Somebody is sick, you treat them and they get well and then you don't see them. You're reduced to frontline

after it was all over were the Mafia."

The violence, the buying and selling of judgeships in his own house, the whole atmosphere, left his illusions totally wrecked even before he was out of high school. College, despite the numerous changes of scene, bored him; he went to live of them, the University of Tampa, Spring Hill College (a Jesuit school), University of Tennessee, University of Florida and University of Miami. He eventually emerged with degrees in pharmacy and medicine, but it is a wonder, because he seems to have spent considerable time meditating in Civil War graveyards, performing practical jokes and perfecting a somewhat dark sense of humor.

"I was just always on edge," he says. "I'd do anything to liven things up. Like after the war, when we had all those veterans coming back to school. Well, in our fraternity there was this friend of mine who looked like a *Lafayette* type. He was blond, wore a black glove on his right hand and always had a dog with him. He slept not too far from me, but the trouble was, nobody around him could sleep. He was always flying his last mission every night over Frankfurt. He kept doing this until, out of curiosity, a couple of us decided to start talking to him in his sleep.

"He had such a conversation with himself that we knew everybody's name in his crew. We talked to him until finally we cracked his intercom. Then we started shooting him down. The guy would get up wild-eyed because he had it all worked out to a system but he didn't know what was going on. He'd get out of bed and say he had a terrible night, even his dog couldn't sleep. First we'd get him over Frankfurt, then we'd shoot him down at the German border, then over the railroad train, then the English Channel, then his own airfield. We even got him once before he left the runway in England."

Summer work in a Cuban restaurant owned by a friend of his father's provided release from what Pacheco believed to be a dull existence. He worked there for years despite the fact that his father would allow the owner to pay him only \$1 a day. He could not have cared less about the money—the scene fascinated him. The restaurant, a headquarters for town characters and warlords, was sort of a playground for him, even though there were some anxious moments. Twice

in the same day he spilled hot soup on the lap of a Mafia don, and on one occasion he gave the chef a series of wrong orders and was chased through the restaurant and out into the street. The chef was waving a meat cleaver. "Ever since," Pacheco says, "I've felt that all chefs are crazy. You can't stand next to a 300° oven and not bake your brains down

Like the goat's milk-calf's blood combination. Whitey Bernstein once gave Ellis one of those small vials of life-increasing substance. Water, aromatic spirits of ammonia and a couple of drops of peppermint for flavor. Hell, after that Ellis thought he was Nashua.

"Many of them are also afraid of needles. At the sight of a needle some of them



IN ONE OF HIS 'FRONTLINE' OFFICES PACHECO IS SURROUNDED BY HIS OWN PAINTINGS

to a pea." It was also at the restaurant, he says, that he developed a fondness for what he calls "nuttness," for people who are characters and have a blend of charm and roughness.

For someone who collects such people, boxing is a Klondike. No difficult excavation is necessary—walk into any room filled with boxing people and there are characters overhead, underfoot and coming out of cracks in the walls. The fighters, with exceptions, are probably the most stable, though hypochondria seems to be their one point of union. "I walk into a gym," says Pacheco, "and all of a sudden there is a worm epidemic, countless cases of anemia, and a siege of beriberi. Fighters are also always trading secrets for better health

will throw up from fear and nausea. Take Muhammad Ali. You virtually had to run after him to give him a shot in the office. You just had to keep moving around and around so that you're doing sort of a rumba with him. But then there are others like Luis Rodriguez. He doesn't seem to care about pain. He wouldn't even let me numb his knuckles when I put cortisone in them. Others have their problems in the dressing room. Like Tony Alonzo. His biggest fight was to make himself leave the room at all."

Like all athletes, fighters have their small superstitions, but they run deep among country Cubans, if an incident during a trip by Pacheco and Rodriguez is any example. The two of them were in Las Vegas for a title fight with Emile

continued

Griffith and they were heading for the arena with a state trooper escort. Suddenly Rodriguez realized that he had forgotten to drink from his green coconut. So the caravan screeched to a stop and everyone stood around watching Luis and Pacheco trying to break open a green coconut while traffic backed up for a mile. The troopers, wearing their cowboy hats, looked on in amazement. But a green coconut is difficult to open up even with a land mine. Finally the troopers became involved. First they thought of shooting open the coconuts, but then began beating them with tire irons until the liquid was splashing all over the cars. Then everyone, including the sweating troopers, drank the juice. These days Rodriguez will not even allow a green coconut near him. He lost that night.

"It seemed incredible at the time," says Pacheco, "and sort of like a funny dream, but Sonny Liston was the funniest one of all time that day in Oakland when he was trying to get reinstated. I happened to be out there and just dropped in to listen. He came in with a real smooth-looking Berkeley lawyer, who whipped out his briefcase, pulled out a long legal pad and started a sad dissertation about how Sonny had paid his debt to society, had paid the government so much they were returning him money, how he helped crippled children. He had Liston sounding like Mother Cabrini. Finally Liston—obviously sick of it all himself—lifted up that dinosaur paw and said, 'That's enough. Let me talk to the board here.' So the first commissioner got up and said, 'Now, Mr. Liston, the main things we're interested in here are some of your past connections with Mr. Carbo and Mr. Palermo.' Sonny gave him that black look of his and said, 'Who?'

"Mr. Palermo. You know Mr. Palermo."

"I don't know any Mr. Palermo."

"Well, Mr. Frank Palermo."

"I don't know any Mr. Frank Palermo."

"You never talked, had a conversation with, knew, saw, heard of, any connection with Mr. Palermo of Philadelphia, Pa.?"

"Never heard of him."

"Well, it's a matter of record that Mr. Palermo had your contract for the year. . . ."

"You mean Blinky! Oh, yeah, Blinky!"

"So," continues Pacheco, "after 30 minutes they get rid of Palermo and move on to Frankie Carbo. Well, here they go with the same thing. 'Ever heard of Mr. Frank Carbo?' 'No,' says Sonny, he never heard of the guy that took half his money. Then, finally, he says, 'Oh, Mr. Gray! Oh, yeah, Mr. Gray!' Sonny said yes, he knew these people, but he didn't have anything to say for them now. He said he never saw them anymore, which was true. They're both doing time. Now they go on to the fight against Clay in Lewiston, Me. The exchange goes like this:

"Now, Mr. Liston, it's been said in the press that you threw the second Clay fight. Are you familiar with the term—throwing a fight?"

"No sub."

"Are you familiar with the term tank sob?"

"No sub. I don't know what you mean."

"We're talking about the fight in Lewiston. You said that you had full possession of your powers. You claimed that you just slipped. Why didn't you get up?"

"Aw, that. Why that crazy man Clay was standing right over me and he gonna hit me anytime I get up. On one knee he woulda hit me. For a man to get up he's gotta put one arm down on the canvas to get up. That means you is unprotected on that side. And that means you have a hook right there that'll level you right there while you're on all fours."

"Yes, but you were down a long time and you tried to get up and you rolled over."

"No sub. I didn't roll over. I was just tryin' to get away from Clay, who was standin' over me."

"Well, the *Loosey Tane* went on for a long time," Pacheco concluded, "and finally it came to a close. The commissioners voted affirmative, but the third vote had to come from the men's room, where the other commissioner was. 'Hey, what's your vote, Joe?' they shouted. 'For!' he shouted back. And Sonny left thinking he was Clarence Darrow. The whole scene was what makes boxing for me. That kind of stuff doesn't happen in my office."

Not always, perhaps, but there was the incident with Bundini Brown, a Falstaffian figure in Ali's camp who was around to make the champ laugh. Bundini used to drop by the doctor's of-

fice on occasion and there the two would become involved in long discussion. Bundini would try to convince Pacheco that Christ was black and the doctor would argue that George Washington Carver was white. One day Bundini came by and requested a blood test. He was going to get married to a white girl, he said. "You can't marry her here," said Pacheco. "It's illegal in Miami." "Man," said Bundini emotionally, "I served my country in the war, the Big War!" Pacheco tried to tell him that it was a waste of time to give him a blood test but Bundini insisted. Then, wearing a fine blue serge suit, alligator shoes, a nice blue tie and with his girl all dressed up, too, he went to the license bureau. He waited out the line nervously until he reached the clerk and said, "We'd like a license." The clerk looked at him, then at his girl and said dryly, "Hunting or fishing?" Bundini was waiting for the doctor when Pacheco returned to his office. Tears were in his eyes as he described what had taken place. "I was touched," says Pacheco. "He is one of my great Lost Causes. Right up there with the Afrika Korps, the South and the Spanish Loyalists."

For the doctor, boxing will never attain such a distinction, despite all its desolation and the inverted thinking that sustains it. It is his fun house, a retreat from the steady rain of cement blocks dropping on feet and the aching low backs. He does make a contribution to the sport, but he makes an even bigger one to himself. He gains dimension, and if he does not feel larger than he should on a certain day, well, there is always his imagination, always the other doctor, played by a "Lenny Bruce type," who moves through a world of excitement. Like the chapter in which the doctor and a champion are en route to a fight and are hijacked to Cuba. Because both are Cuban, they are thrown into a cell. They escape, steal a Russian torpedo boat but forget to free the lines and rip off half the pier. The two end up adrift because neither knows how to navigate.

"I just have a great sense of the ridiculous," says Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who is—as he says—no Jean Hersholt but certainly the kind of human being Pascal had in mind when he grieved over men not being able to sit in a quiet, empty room. **END**



Billy Casper: virtuoso of the greens.

No matter how tricky the putt, Billy Casper stays cool and unflappable. With almost computer-like accuracy, his green shots drop into the cup. That instinctive putting touch, plus a shrewdly controlled game on the fairways, have earned Casper five Vardon Trophies for lowest stroke average as well as two wins in the U.S. Open. Last year, he took six major tournaments—and was named P.G.A. Golfer of the Year for the second time.

Maybe your son won't turn into another Billy Casper. Not many children do become sports stars. But every youngster—including yours—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete. It will help him get more fun—more of everything—out of life.

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The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
New York, N.Y.

For an attractive 7½ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, BILLY CASPER to Equitable, G.P.O. Box 3828, N.Y., N.Y. 10008
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DOWN TO THE SEA IN *Anything*



The psalmist sang of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," but today the big business of going down to the sea (some \$3.15 billion in 1968 alone) is done ashore as more and more Americans climb aboard more and more craft to have more and more fun on the water. According to a recent survey conducted by the boating trade, 725 companies were offering U.S. customers a choice of 4,000 stock boat models at the start of this year, and that figure (which is probably already out of date) does not include any of the custom-tailored gold-platers or make-do mavericks preferred by yachting's rugged individualists. Today's boats and nonboats come in every conceivable shape, size and price, ranging from the seagoing bucking bronco on the cover, through the transparent dinghy shown above, to the Hobie Cat coursing through the Pacific surf on the page opposite. For further temptations, turn on to Photographer James Drake's sampling of how—and in what—uncounted millions of boat-happy Americans will be going down to the sea this year.





NONBOATS can be just as much fun and sometimes even more useful than the real thing. The girls at top are riding a jet-propelled gas-powered surfboard that doesn't need surf. Above is a six-tired amphibian boat-car that can navigate virtually anywhere.



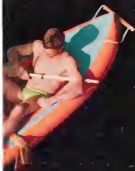


Other nonboats include an outboard powered rubber raft strong and swift enough to pull a water skier (left) the handy hovercraft (top) that rides several inches above land or water on a cushion of air and a waterborne bicycle—built for two sedately seductive as a surrey





INFLATABLES, blown up by lung, pump or compressed gas cartridge, are for certain the most easily transported and stored of all watercraft. Once out of the bag (above), the shapes they assume and uses they fill are almost limitless.





HOUSEBOATS combine in one tidy package all the comforts of home, sport and travel. Thunderbird's 40-foot Drift-R-Cruz (left) and Chris-Craft's 46-foot Aqua-Home (right and below) are two popular stock models in this burgeoning boating fashion.



But not all houseboaters buy their boats off the rack. The rich interior above is the main salon (or living room) of a 68-foot houseboat custom-tailored to the requirements of a Virginia racehorse breeder by designers MacLear & Harris, Inc.





SPEED AND POWER are what most Americans want on the water, just as they do on land. Nova Marine's new 25-foot Nova.



silhouetted against the now-immobilized "Queen Elizabeth," is one of the hundreds of stock boat models that provide these things.







MULTIHULL sailors are the iconoclasts of the sea. Whether they are cruising aboard a 41 foot trimaran like that at left, hiking to windward on lively Pacific cats (above) or just toiling on

a beach in Hawaii (below), they believe differently, sail differently and even decorate their sails differently from the traditionalists, who still insist that a single hull is enough





LUXURY in appointments is commonplace in the current affluence afloat. This levishness is glimpsed at left in a corner of the 96-foot diesel yacht "Titan," built by Burger Boat Co. for a member of the duPont clan, and (above,





below and right) is the bathroom fixtures, music room and command console of Sacramento broker Richard W. Smith's 73-foot cruiser "Pacific Gypsy," over whose deck Smith and his wife labored lovingly for six years.





SINGLE-HULLED SAILBOATS will, to some, always seem the proper way to go to sea. Among the thousands available are stock re-creations of oldtimey boats like *Sea Wanderer* (above) and custom-built craft like the Sparkman & Stephens "Equation" (right).

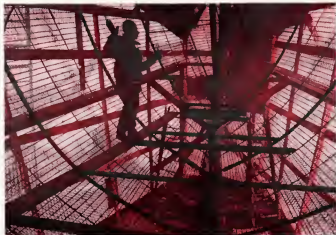




But the vast majority of new sailboats belong to one or another of hundreds of one-design racing or racing-cruising classes. Above are two members of the popular Cal 20 class, 20-foot weekend ocean cruisers that sleep four in a pinch and race with the liveliest



AS LONG AS IT WILL FLOAT



That ancient standby of the boatbuilder—sturdy, well-seasoned wood, laboriously steamed into shape and armored with copper—is fast giving way to more malleable and less perishable materials. Fiber glass is the most common now, but molded sheets of marine plywood or aluminum stamped into graceful shapes like that of the featherlight duckboat opposite are nearly as popular. One of the newest and oddest materials used in modern boatbuilding is reinforced concrete. The builder seemingly caught in a spider web above is giving a final inspection to a wire-net frame on which he will shortly spray a mixture of specially formulated cement to make a finished hull.

THE STOCK BOATS AND WHAT THEY COST

ON THE COVER: Hydro-Cycle Inc.'s Barracuda, \$500, on title page. Submerautics Ltd.'s Glasshopper 12, \$450, opposite. Coast Catamaran's Hobie Cat 14, \$1,100

NONBOATS: Jet Board Corp.'s Jet Board, \$495. ATV Manufacturing Co.'s Attek amphibian, \$1,500. Keyak Corp.'s Speedyak 300 inflatable, \$280. Cushionflight Corp.'s Cushionflight-240, \$3,500. Wesres' Water Biki, \$400

INFLATABLES: from Keyak Corp. of America, Leisure Imports, R. G. Industries and Bonar Boats, range in price from \$10 to \$590

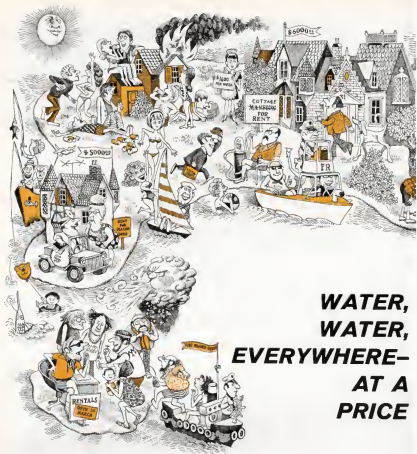
HOUSEBOATS: Thunderbird's Drift-R-Cruz 40, \$18,000. Chris-Craft's Aqua-Home 46, \$26,000.

SPEED AND POWER: Nova Marine's Nova, \$13,000

MULTIHULLS: Corinthian 41 Trimaran, \$60,000. Newport Boats' Pacific Catamaran, \$2,700 (the cee on the beach are custom-built)

SAILBOATS: Raccoon Strait Yacht Sales' See Wanderer, \$35,000; Jensen Marine's Cal 20, \$3,200

OPPOSITE PAGE: Alumacraft's 12-foot Duckie, \$270.



WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE— AT A PRICE

There is lots of new fun to be had afloat, but just getting to the water's edge can leave you with a sinking sensation in a year when all America wants to make a splash with a summer home

by **PAT RYAN**



These are the days when Urban America, its early-warning system alert to the impending swelter of summer, begins to yearn for gulls and cattails, sea and shore, simplicity and a rustic paradise. There are those alluring advertisements in the city newspapers. The *Washington Post* had some just the other morning:

"In the Blue Ridge Mountains. . . Three acres of pines and overgrown pasture. . . Lazy old rail fence of long ago still clings to life. . ."

"Over five acres, amazing wild turkey forest. . . Half-burned antique fence on adjoining property. . ."

"Old mountain store. . . Creaky building with merchant's shelves and much-worn counters. Old radios and remnants of World War I era still survive in musty building. Collapsing ageless barn out back usable as shelter for livestock. . . Several mountain families live within sight of store."

Ah, the lyric romance of a vacation home. That mountain store is real camp,

perhaps too real camp. You decide to leave it to the boy scouts. Besides, buying is more than you can bargain for. Rent a summer house? It sounds like a saltbox full of romance—beach plums, wild roses and the driftwood crackling in the fireplace on a darkening day—well, until you consider the cost.

A coastline-to-coastline survey of those who make a living renting vacation hearth (a fireplace raises East Coast rents \$500 for the season, thank you) and home to the fleeing urbanite shows that never before have so many spent so much to get away from, a cynic might suggest, so little. The great land rush and sand rush are on, and in this spring of 1969 most realtors say nothing seems unrentable or untenable, no price too high, no demand too extreme—just as long as one element of vacation living is not involved: roughing it.

An intriguing but hardly typical place to begin is Southampton, N.Y., never a hardship hamlet to be sure. It was not that many years ago that Jessie Donabue set her Southampton table with the family silver, only it was gold. The

Hamptons, an august string of villages some 100 miles east of Manhattan on the south shore of Long Island, still have their understated homes—cottages they call them—with six or eight master bedrooms and four or five mad's rooms. They sell for \$250,000 to \$300,000 and rent at \$15,000 to \$25,000 for the season. Three or four are taken each summer by debutantes' parents anxious to get their daughters' social feet wet on the right beach. Others go to "nice people." Certain Southampton realtors do not advertise or list themselves in the *Yellow Pages* in their desire to avoid the not-so-nice people. Nonetheless, the status of the Hamptons is now attracting the executives who have made their money at an ungracious pace and high-flying Texas types in his-and-her helicopters.

"More than 75% of the people we deal with are buying or renting status," a Bridgehampton broker says. "They want to know who lives behind the next hedge. They rent their summer houses by April 15 so they can be listed in the local telephone directory as if they've vacationed here all their lives." Status—

continued

seeking can be measured to the last silly millimeter in the price of property. A broker in Westhampton has three 70-foot oceanfront lots for sale. They are spaced about two miles apart. It is the same beach, the same ocean, but the status changes as you walk the shore. One lot is priced at \$17,000, one at \$35,000 and one at \$65,000.

Real estate in the Hamptons is appreciating from 15% to 50% each year. A waterfront acre can sell for up to \$110,000. Since summer-rental prices usually are set at 10% to 12% of the value of the property, there has been a corresponding rise in those costs. One broker says rents have increased 50% to 100% in five years. Few houses are available at less than \$2,500, and \$4,000 rentals are average. The last bargain anyone remembers in the Hamptons was offered a couple of years ago when Magda Gabor put her mansion up for rent. An extraordinary house that started out as a trailer parked on an oceanfront lot, it has elevators, a theater, a sauna and gym and underwater music in the pool. Magda was asking \$20,000 rent for the season, but she was willing to settle for \$15,000—if the tenant allowed her to continue to live upstairs.

But inflated prices are not discouraging New Yorkers, who have been flooding the real-estate offices that edge the Montauk Highway as it winds among the Hamptons. Through the glass walls of his office in Westhampton, Realtor Herb Bellringer looks down on a crowded parking lot. "You learn to size them up fairly quickly," he says. "The guys who come out here trying to impress you with rented Cadillacs and blondes, the doctors who show up in jeeps because they figure the MD license plates on their sedans would ruin their chances to wheel and deal and the close-cropped, buttoned-down young executives who are going to put on wigs, beads and shades and turn into summer swingers their first weekend out."

Hampton realtors, being experienced in the away-from-home ways of New Yorkers, follow certain guidelines. They assume a house rented to four men will soon have four women occupants as well. However, they square the number when renting to a group of women—four girls, 16 guys. "It's the facts of life," one broker says. The formula, of course, does not always work. There was the time a Southampton house was rented to two

girls, and the owner, arriving unexpectedly one summer afternoon, found 20 cots laid out on the second floor and 20 more on the third.

Brokers in the Hamptons say they "discourage as incompatible to the area" from 25% to 40% of the people who make inquiries about summer houses. Incompatibility takes many forms and varies from village to village within the Hamptons. Depending on the locale, one must not be Negro, ought not to be Jewish and might well avoid being Catholic. Homosexuals have a limited welcome. Other categories under 25 (incompatible); single and under 25 (doubly incompatible); single female and under 25 (triplely incompatible).

In spite of the difficulties, and the cost, the number of people who rent homes must be enormous. Take just one town, Westhampton. The population year-round is 4,000, in the summer on week-days it is 35,000 and on weekends 60,000.

There are no reliable estimates of how much money vacationers bring to the Hamptons, but the effect of the summer people on the economy of Cape Cod has been calculated. According to the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce, the 40,000 homes on the Cape that are rented during the season supply \$150 million in capital. The figure is conservative, but it provides a useful gauge for making estimates elsewhere.

Certainly the Cape Cod summer families are more representative than Southampton's. For the most part, they are people who rent honest-to-goodness cottages standing cheek by jowl on a spit of sand. The homes are usually what realtors call Mom and Pop deals, houses that have been built for retirement. The owner—say, a Boston fireman—uses the house in May and September and rents it in between to pay the mortgage and expenses. He may have as many as 10 different tenants in a summer, signing them in and out on a weekly basis. On Saturday mornings he will drive down from the city, the car loaded with wife, children, buckets and brooms. He checks out the old tenants at 10 a.m., cleans the house and checks in the new people at 2 p.m.

The rents on these houses have been edging up slowly, like the cost of a cup of chowder. "See if you can get another \$5 or \$10 a week," the fireman

tells the real-estate broker. The \$125-a-week house of a few years ago is now \$180, and the \$150 one is \$180.

More noteworthy, realtors say, is the increasing demand for appliances—dishwashers, washing machines, dryers and disposals. "They even come out here looking for self-cleaning ovens and freezers," one broker says. "They want to surround themselves with all the comforts of home. The idea of living in a 'skin-and-bones,' as we used to call vacation houses, is passé. I don't know what draws these people, why they come. They drive up and down Route 28, go to the gift shops, the drive-in movies and the Dairy Queen."

The names on the roadside billboards seem to attract vacationers with cool promise—Ebb Tide, Tern Cove, Sandpiper, Windjammer, Blue Ship—and they surge the 70-mile length of the Cape. There is an average of five motels, four realtors and 3,500 tourists to each mile.

René Poyant, who was the baker in Hyannis until 12 years ago, is now Cape Cod's largest real-estate dealer. An exuberant man with a build like a hunchback, he tells wondrous tales of moonrocking land values. For instance, a two-acre plot of commercial property in Hyannis has been sold three times in less than three years. The prices: \$12,000, \$75,000 and \$150,000. It is not unusual, Poyant says, for land or houses to be turned over that quickly, so swiftly do the profits accrue. He has had clients buy and sell three different houses in three years, moving up from a \$12,000 home to one worth \$35,000. Barnstable County, which includes Cape Cod, is second only to Los Angeles County in the transfer of real estate. The boom is enough to make the Puritans who landed at Provincetown turn in their graves, those buried in the cemetery on Main Street in Hyannis—surrounded by laundromat, gas station, supermarket and Howard Johnson's—probably have.

In contrast, Nantucket, a ferry ride away, values its heritage highly. The seagull-gray clapboard houses are being restored, and an effort is being made to "trade up" the island by finding fewer visitors who will spend more money. "We've priced some people right out of the rental market," one realtor admits candidly. "They can't afford to come here anymore." A house that could be had for \$1,500 two summers ago is bringing \$3,000 or \$4,000 this year. On the av-

erage, rental prices are up 50% in the last two years and property is up 100%.

Look elsewhere now, South and West, out where those sturdy frontier folk used to be. In northern Wisconsin old summer shacks are about as popular these days as blueottle flies. The resort owners say vacationers insist on comfort and accessibility to shopping. They get their measure of rustic simplicity at the old-fashioned general store, which makes its own sausage and sells clothing, food and fishing equipment. In the Lake Erie area increasing numbers of families are staying at home during the summer, cooling off in their country-club pools, in part because the resort houses on the lake shore near Buffalo are being rented more and more to groups of youngsters. They seem to have money to burn, and the attitude occasionally is the hell with the houses if they burn them, too.

"The kids chip in and pay as much as \$1,700 for a cottage away from the lake," one realtor explains. "They have created a situation where families can't afford to rent a place. Private owners will ask as much as the traffic will bear, and the more the kids pay, the more of them move into the house." In most parts of the country, however, homeowners balk at renting to groups of young people—residents in some Lake Michigan resorts actually put signs on their lawns warning off youths. This keep-off-our-turf attitude bends slightly when a group has chaperones, but usually one chaperone will not do, there must be two.

The most popular new trend in summer living is buying or renting a luxury condominium (an apartment building in which units are sold individually to private owners). In the Rehoboth Beach area of Delaware these structures have elegant names like *Bethany West* and *Patrician Towers*. They come with wall-to-wall carpeting, self-defrosting refrigerators, air conditioning, sauna baths, tennis courts and rooftop pools for those allergic to sand. Two-bedroom apartments sell for up to \$50,000 and rent for as much as \$500 a week. The advertising brochure for *Patrician Towers* notes that "units are sure to appreciate rapidly in value." Realtors say that owners of condominiums, town houses and some of the old-fashioned cottages in the area are receiving a 14% to 18% annual return on their investments from rental income.

In Linville, N.C. three-bedroom condominiums are being sold for \$74,900—exposed beams in the apartment ceilings provide a rustic, backwoods touch—and the prospectus notes: "Operated as a depreciable, income-producing asset . . . with many tax-sheltered benefits." The Linville complex, Grandfather Golf and Country Club, hopes to lure "top executives and up-and-coming ones" year round to the Blue Ridge mountain resort with golf, fishing, sailing and skiing facilities. The condominium will operate as a lodge, the apartments being rented to visitors when not being used by the owners.

Similar schemes are popular in Lake Tahoe, Calif., where a typical three-bedroom, two-bath condominium will rent for \$300 a week fully furnished. The same apartment is available at a daily rate of \$35 in the winter. In some instances the return on condominium rentals in resort areas reaches 30% a year.

It is not surprising that the stacked-up, condominium-style summer housing is becoming popular, so great are the numbers of people searching for a place on a golden strand. The fight to find a summer home begins earlier every year. Several dozen house hunters looking for cottages on New York's Fire Island are always on board the first ferry leaving the mainland in spring. This year it was snowing on that Saturday, and a March gale howled at 55 mph. Realtors in Wrightsville Beach, N.C. say virtually all of the 12,000 summer homes for rent there were taken by the first of March. An average house goes for \$125 a week, and it is not unusual for real-estate agents to gross \$50,000 to \$60,000 a season. In Rehoboth brokers say the number of people looking to rent houses has doubled in the past year, and in the San Bernardino Mountains of California prospective renters increase by one-third each season. The wealth of summer housing that was once available on the beaches near Los Angeles, from marvelous Malibu to Laguna Beach and on the South Bay, no longer exists because of the influx of year-round residents. A modestly decorated two-bedroom apartment, if one can find it, on the Malibu coast will cost \$350 a week at the height of the season, and some have been rented for as much as \$500 a week.

In Northern California there is a bet-

ter choice, with prices running from \$65 to \$1,000 a month for oceanfront places. And occasionally one can find a steal, so to speak. There have been many burglaries in the Bay Area, especially close to San Francisco and Oakland, and an increasing number of homeowners do not want to leave their houses empty for long periods. Though these people never before would have considered allowing strangers to cut off their chain, they now are deciding that renting is the best way to protect their homes. Such houses are usually lavishly furnished and often available at reasonable prices.

Only in the Northwest, in Washington and Oregon, is the summer boom still in the shack-and-tent stage. There the virtues of the sleeping bag and the night sky are extolled—and practiced. In Oregon—which has 400 miles of coast, nearly all of it open to the public—renting houses is a word-of-mouth operation. There are no real-estate agents padding up and down the beaches, and not one of 16 builders queried in Portland is doing any summer-home construction. The main reason for this is the state's 3,000 well-regulated campgrounds, many of them in parks ranging to 4,000 and 5,000 acres, and Oregonians relish all that free wall-to-wall nature.

In neighboring Washington the situation is much the same, though there is one kind of vacation structure that is in short supply, the so-called clam shack. "If you're an outsider you can't get one on a good clam beach," a clam-digging enthusiast from Seattle explains. "My family and I paid \$70 a week for a shack we rented that was built in the 1920s. It had linoleum floors and an oil stove, and we got it through a friend. We natives are outdoor-minded and we like something simple."

But the simple tastes of the Pacific Northwest are the exception. Most of urban America, from Southampton to San Diego, cherishes a more elaborate idea of rustic refreshment. Steeped in grammar-school recitations of Thoreau and Whitier, it waxes poetic about pastoral joys. But when things come down to the sandy-gritty, the Terry Bucknam family of South Laguna, Calif., is probably typical of today's urban escapees. They are going to rent their own house—it's on the beach—and leave such things as the TV behind as they head for Lake Tahoe. But the stereo, they're taking

END

No givers for these Indians

Everything Bacone JC gets it earns. It might have the poorest athletic program in the country, but it has one of the best college ball clubs

Dr. Garold Holstine, the president of Bacone Junior College in Muskogee, Okla., is an old-fashioned fundamentalist. A humorless, sermonizing man who wears severe glasses and a Cotton Mather expression, he does not take to his students smoking or drinking spirits, nor is he partial to exaggeration, particularly in monetary matters. When Dr. Holstine says, "We have the nation's worst-financed athletic program," he can be taken at his word. What is hard to believe—but true—is that Bacone, which was founded in 1890 as an Indian school and remains essentially that today, has used its slim budget to build the strongest junior college baseball program in the country and this year is good enough to challenge all but the toughest university teams.

The Warriors, who are favored to win their second NJCAA National Championship in three years at Grand Junction, Colo., this week, have a 69-8 record for their fall and spring seasons. Two weeks ago they swept to their re-

gional title by outscoring (33-2) the three best JC teams from an area stretching from Kentucky to Colorado. A thumping performance like that would prompt most college presidents to authorize a new pitching machine or at least a cushy rug for the clubhouse. At Bacone the Iron Mike is old and unworkable, and the players dress in their dorms because there is no locker room.

It is not a dislike of baseball that causes Dr. Holstine to be so parsimonious in supporting his team. He and just about everyone else at Bacone are wildly proud of it, but the administration realizes that the money most colleges might put into sports is more urgently needed for other things at Bacone.

The college of 700 students sits on a hill overlooking Muskogee, a sleepy little city where the Ford dealer's name is Clem and the drugstore on the corner of Main Street advertises livestock remedies in old, fluted script. The school has been there ever since the Creek nation gave the American Baptist church

160 acres of lush northeastern Oklahoma land to found an Indian university in the days when the state was still red man's territory.

John D. Rockefeller Sr. set Bacone off to a booming start by paying for its first building, but today it survives on a slender dole from a variety of churches, foundations and private individuals.

Indians who come from 49 tribes in 33 states make up half the student body. The rest are a conglomerate of whites and blacks, most of them from Oklahoma. Racial diversity is the school's most striking characteristic even though there is a heavy overlay of Indian culture, much of it generated by Dick West, a Southern Cheyenne who heads the art department and is this country's most distinguished Indian painter and sculptor. In one dorm adjacent rooms have signs reading "Black Is Beautiful" and "Custer Died For Your Sins," but the sloganeering seems directed at people outside the college. On campus, red, black and white mingle freely, and it was routinely accepted when the white student-body president—there have been Indians and Negroes in other years—came to the spring prom this month with a black girl.

"Of all the surface impressions you might get walking around here and just looking, the feeling that the students are genuinely color blind is probably the truest," says Bacone's dean of students, Bill Burgess.

If the students are racially dissimilar, they are almost all economically alike: poor. "Just about everyone is on a scholarship or work-study program," says Burgess. "They have to be because 60% of them come from families earning under \$4,000 a year and 20% from families with less than \$1,800 a year." The burden of student support forces Bacone's baseball budget and its other expenses, like faculty salaries, down low. Still, the school has attracted a group of exceptionally dedicated teachers and administrators to match its fine ballplayers.

Burgess, a round, gregarious man, is a nationally recognized expert on career development for the underprivileged and a tireless fighter for Indian, Negro and Mexican-American civil rights. He has turned down a sub-Cabinet appointment in the Federal Government and numerous better-paying posts at universities to remain at Bacone. "My case is

continued



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IN DEEP GRASS ON THE LONE PRAIRIE, A BACONEAN WHIPS FUNGOS TO THE SOUTH 40

not unusual," he says. "Most of the staff has had opportunities to go other places for more money. But they don't because they feel we're doing something special here."

The specialty is educating the Indian, who has ended up at the bottom of the great American totem pole. Not only is the average red man indigent but, Burgess points out, he is also badly uncared for. "The life expectancy of the white American is 72 years, of the Negro 65 years and of the Indian 47 years," he says.

In the situation that these statistics reflect, Baseball Coach Negal King is hardly in a position to ask for more money. His budget of \$3,000 this year—which was slashed by 20% at mid-season to help the college pay some bills—is less than a third of a major college's despite the fact that Bacone plays more games than all but a handful of collegiate teams. King, a "good old boy," as they say in Oklahoma, has been around the state's depressed rural economy all his life and he knows how to stretch a dollar, particularly with Dr. Holstine looking over his shoulder. The coach was pleased to find he could buy baseballs at a saving of \$2.95 a dozen this spring, but that was not enough to keep the president from questioning his expenditures for bats. "It seems your boys are breaking too many bats," said Dr. Holstine. "Are you sure they know how to hold them correctly?" With eight

starting fielders averaging a combined .341, King was sure they did.

Bacone players lack a fancy ball park—they helped the coach build the bleachers during the winter—training-table meals and extra trimmings like warm-up jackets, but there is no lack of talent. Seven members of the 1967 national champs were drafted by pro teams, and two of them, the Cubs' Jim Dunegan and the Senators' Gary Ratliff, a Cherokee, are now considered among the two or three top prospects in their teams' systems. Of the other draftees, four of whom are full-blood or part Indian, all but one have worked up to Triple A.

This year's Bacone team, the sixth to make the national tournament in the past seven years, may be even better, although there are no Indians among the regulars. Pitcher Gary Weese, who is 10-1 with an 0.77 ERA, Leftfielder Ron Shepard, who hit .600 during the divisional and regional playoffs, and freshman Second Baseman Beau Robinson have already been picked by the pros. Most of their teammates, particularly Tim O'Donnell, a .408 batter, and Shortstop Roy Staiger, a sure fielder who hit .398, are almost equally good. Bob Guerin, only the fourth starter in Bacone's rotation despite a spectacular 7-2 record and 1.22 ERA, says, "I don't believe there's a guy on this team who doesn't want to play pro ball and most of them can do it. You'd have to feel that way to do all the prac-

ticing and play all the games we do."

King, who can relax, sip a Dr. Pepper and down-home it on a recruiting trip with the best of the good old boys, draws most of his players from Oklahoma, and anyone who ever heard of the Waner brothers, Alie Reynolds, Mickey Mantle and Bobby Murcer knows what that can mean. Even though he must often tell a prospect that he will have to take a job to pay his way through Bacone, King is so successful that his team is two deep in high school all-stars at some positions, and Doug Wood, a pitcher who was drafted in the second round by the Reds, could not break into the Warriors' starting rotation this year. Bacone used to play Oklahoma City and Tulsa Universities and never lost. These four-year schools have refused to meet the Warriors in official games this season, but Tulsa, the eighth-ranked major college team, lost to Bacone 10-5 in a practice game. "All we have to do is put on our uniforms and we know we can't lose," says Catcher Glenn Dye. "It's something special about Bacone."

It is very special. Sometimes the lock-outless Warriors wear their uniforms to class. Last week, with the team's finances in their typically depleted state, a Muskogee radio station conducted a telethon to round up the money to pay the team's way to Grand Junction. Kathy Ballard, a cheerleader who had put aside \$65 to make the trip to the nationals, gave all her savings to the cause, and the townspeople responded generously. But the players still cannot look forward to steak dinners as they roll west in the 1947 bus that is usually reserved for the school choir. "About the best I can do is get the boys a nice chicken fry before a game," says King. "It might cost us about \$1.60 for each of them, but that's better for the players than the hamburgers they buy themselves when I give them \$1.25."

Those cheap chicken dinners, bargain-priced baseballs and the broken-down pitching machine all seemed worth it one evening last week shortly after practice. A small group of white and black students gathered to one side as three Indian boys with a tom-tom chanted a Navajo song and Indian girls circled-danced around them on the right-field grass. At Bacone, it was obvious that the players were not the only people in the ball park coming up winners. **END**

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10 of hearts was returned, Vic Mitchell won with the queen and returned a spade. Of course, East's signal in clubs might have been a doubteecross, but such plays rarely are, because it is usually more important to guide partner than to try to fool declarer. At any rate, Sharf took East's signal as honest. He considered only briefly letting the lead ride to his queen of spades. Instead, he rose with dummy's ace, crossed to the king of diamonds and returned a diamond, finessing dummy's jack. When the finesse won, declarer's queen of spades was pitched on the ace of diamonds. Now when trumps were led West made his ace but couldn't put partner in. The club ruff evaporated and the contract was made.

Mitchell speculated on what would have happened if he had won the first trump lead with the ace instead of the queen and, like all the really top stars, he blamed himself for not having made the play. On the ensuing spade shift, South would naturally assume that the finesse for the heart queen was working. Figuring that he could afford a spade loser as long as he lost only one trump trick, he would rise with the ace of spades and let the 9 of hearts ride. But West would grab the queen, put East in with the spade king and get a club ruff, for down two.

What happened at the other table was equally diabolical. Giorgio Belladonna chose the same club lead against Howard Schenken's contract. Schenken played dummy's queen and—well, let Peter Leventritt, North, tell it.

"That Benito Garozzo can find more ways to beat you. Without the slightest hesitation he played the 4 of clubs, letting the queen hold the trick! Howard finessed the 10 of hearts, losing to the queen, and Belladonna continued clubs. Howard was on the spot. He looked suspiciously at Benito, but he had to assume West had the king of clubs. If East's initial play of the 4 was a singleton, going up with the ace might be the only way to lose the contract.

"So Howard finessed, lost to the king of clubs and saw Benito give his partner a club ruff. With the ace of trumps out, the contract was surely set. When West next returned a spade, taking the diamond finesse to try to avoid a spade loser risked going down three, so Howard let the spade ride, lost to the king and wound up minus 200." **END**

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The evening stars fell in California

The big names, including the top vaulters, didn't shine at Modesto



DICK RAINSBACK BEGINS HIS EGG TRIP

The pole vault crossbar was now at 17' 10", a world-record height, and at the end of the runway Bob Seagren patted his hair into place; for the last time at the California Relays the crowd was ready for something special.

"Next up in the pole vault," the man said over the public-address system, "is Bob Seagren, the present world-record holder and Olympic champion. Boy, there sure are stars all over on that field tonight, aren't there?"

Seagren looked up at the sky. "Stars?" he said. "Stars? Where are there stars?"

Dick Rainsback, the UCLA pole vaulter, looked up, too. "Well, there are stars," he said. "But tonight they're falling stars."

Seagren laughed and randomly pointed across the field. "Yeah," he said, "there goes one now."

Seagren was kidding, but last Saturday's meet in Modesto—the same meet that has been the setting for 22 world and 37 American records in its 28-year history—will this year be remembered more for what it promised rather than for what it delivered. There were no world records, one American record (in the junior college 440-yard relay) and only three meet records. And in the end, no matter where you pointed, there was a star or a relay team whose luster was dimmed.

There was, first of all, the 100-meter dash. John Carlos, it was promised, would meet Charlie Greene and reestablish his claim to be the World's Fastest Human. But Greene, who is in the Army, decided "not to break training" by running at a meet, and Carlos won in 10.1. This victory, along with his win in the 220 and his anchor leg on San Jose State's triumphant 440-yard relay team, earned him his sixth straight outstanding performer award.

Then there was San Jose's 880-yard relay team, which was primed to break the world record it had missed by .2 earlier this year. "Putting our best times together we beat it [the record] easily," Lee Evans said. "We're predestined to have it." Instead, they couldn't even try. Ronnie Ray Smith, the No. 3 leg, aggravated an old hamstring injury in the 440 relay and San Jose scratched.

"We've been telling people all over we were going to get the record," said leadoff man Sam Davis. "And what we were really saying was that we were go-

ing to blow everyone off the track. Hell, for once we didn't all go out the night before a race and mess around." While Davis talked, he watched the Houston Striders win in 1:23.8, 1.5 slower than San Jose's best this season.

And, finally, there was Villanova, which hoped to set an American record in the two-mile relay but finished third behind Wisconsin and Washington State. "How can you come out here and run so badly?" Marty Laquori said. "How can each of us come out and run the worst time he's run all season long? I can't believe it."

Wisconsin, for one, could. Buried in the snows and mud of the Midwest, it had long wanted to run, not only against Villanova, but a world-class field. Its only other big two-mile relay had been at Drake, where it lost by a nose to Kansas State. "Villanova's always got the ink," said Ray Arrington, the Badgers' No. 3 leg. "And maybe they deserve it because they have good runners. But we have good runners, too, and we think it's about time we shared the ink."

Arrington, who had run the anchor at Drake, switched for this race with Mark Winzenried, and it was Winzenried's 1:46.7 that carried Wisconsin to within .4 of the American record (2:17.4). "We have always had a better relay team than most people," Winzenried said. "But no one ever hears of us. We never get invited anywhere."

Leon Coleman also had something to prove, and did. Coleman has been chasing Willie Davenport over hurdles all year while Willie was compiling a 22-race win streak. "I'm really tired of people coming up to me," Coleman said before the race, "and, just because I run hurdles, saying, 'Hi, Willie, how ya doing?' Of course, they don't know who I am. But I'm just tired of being Willie." After the 120-yard highs, which Coleman won in a wind-aided 13.5, he acted like a man with a new-found life—his own.

But it wasn't until much later that the most spectacular promise was left unfulfilled. "It's important to be the first man to go 18 feet," Seagren said. "It's like going to the moon. You may find nothing but a lot of rocks and dirt, but it's important to be the first. They can take a world record from you. But they can never take away that you were the first to clear 18 feet. It's the glory of it.

It just sounds good to be called the first."

It didn't happen at Modesto. John Pennel and Seagren both cleared 17 feet. Then, despite Seagren's objection, the crossbar was, at Pennel's request, raised to 17' 10", which they both missed. Pennel won the event, since he cleared 17 feet on his first try while Seagren needed two attempts. Said Pennel: "I told Seagren that he had had the world record long enough and that I wanted to take it away from him. By asking for a lower height he wanted to prevent me from getting the record." Said Seagren: "I didn't want to go straight to 17' 10" because I wanted to warm up for a try at 18 feet."

Railsback is also infatuated with the mystical height of 18 feet. "I get much inner satisfaction from vaulting," he says. "Like some people enjoy playing the guitar. If they feel like it, they'll just sit down and play it. Me, I'll go out and vault. If I satisfy myself, if I'm happy, then I feel all right, even if I lose."

"But 18 feet? Maybe that's my ego trip. After all the work I've put in, I'd like to be remembered. I just don't want to go by the wayside like so many good athletes I've seen. I think this is the only tangible thing I want from vaulting."

This attitude has led to a virtual disdain for world records. Two weeks ago at the Pacific Eight championships Railsback cleared 17' 6 1/2", skipped any attempt at Seagren's world record of 17' 9" and tried 18 feet. On his closest attempt he brushed the crossbar off with his chest. Despite his near success he got a new, firmer pole four days later. Pennel had three poles at Modesto, with differences as slight as one having an extra layer of glass for more firmness. And Seagren, who had strained abdominal muscles, ignored his doctor's orders to "quit when it hurt" so he wouldn't be sitting when someone else was going for 18 feet.

"I couldn't stand the thought of having somebody jumping it and me not there to fight," he said. "That's the only reason I'm here. Thinking that someone might get it for free made me come."

After Pennel won, Seagren said, "I think it was chicken going to 17' 10". That record doesn't mean a damn thing. Eighteen feet has got to come sometime. I don't know what we were messing around with 17' 10" for. There's only one thing that counts."

END



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Alan C. Baker



In the summertime of youth, circa 1935, a lifelong obsession could develop for a certain baseball team. An ever-faithful fan tells how some of its great games were played and won by a small boy bouncing a ball off a wall—or pitching a stone at a crossing sign—in the name of Tommy Bridges **by Bil Gilbert**

Confessions of a Retarded Tiger



CONTINUED



Confessions continued

One evening last winter I was sitting at a social gathering with a middle-aged contemporary, a lady who is a professor of international studies at a Midwestern university. Strangers in many and profound ways, our conversation was difficult until we accidentally discovered that we both suffered from an obsessive, diseased attachment to baseball teams that hadn't played a game in 36 years. Her imaginary bag is the Chicago Cubs of 1935 or so, while mine is the Detroit Tigers of the same era. After the secret was out we got along swimmingly, happily comparing symptoms and scars of our disorder like two newly discharged appendectomy survivors. For example, we bet drinks on who could most accurately reconstruct ancient lineups.

"Jo-Jo White, Pete Fox, Charley Gehring, Hank Greenberg, Goose Goslin, Mickey Cochrane, Marvin Owen, Billy Rogell, Tommy Bridges. Today, Tommy Bridges; Schoolboy Rowe tomorrow; Eldon Auker on Saturday and Chief Hogsett in the bullpen," I commenced. "Little Augie Galan, Billy Herman, Kiki Cuyler, Gabby Hartnett, Charley Grimm, Stan Hack and—ah, my goodness, what was his name, the shortstop, great arm, hit about 260?" The lady hemmed and hawed and kept saying things like I-know-his-name-as-well-as-my-own and this-room-is-so-hot-I-can't-concentrate, but she could not come up with Billy Jurgens, so I gracefully accepted a bullshot, which was what we were drinking and betting.

The point of this episode is not to illustrate my mnemonic prowess or to scoff at that of the lady internationalist. (Later, when we were naming 1936 first basemen, she won a bullshot because, though I-knew-his-name-as-well-as-my-own, I couldn't remember Hal Trosky of the Indians.) What I am trying to say is that the lady and I are retarded

baseball fans and that this disorder is more common among the citizenry than the ordinary mental health survey and common sense might indicate.

The prime characteristic that distinguishes the retarded baseball buff from your normal, wholesome fanatic is that he is a chronological as well as geographical chauvinist to a pathological degree. To explain, the usual fan, sometime during his or her formative years, becomes attached to a team, and this addiction lasts for a lifetime. If, for example, he was hooked early on the Philadelphia Athletics he will continue to

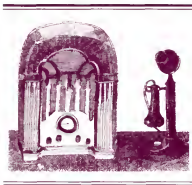
—that of 1935-40. In truth, this sentimental interest in Kell or Wert is tinged with hostility, because no matter what these youngsters may do, they are forever usurpers whose ability is extremely questionable.

In addition to this unshakable belief in not only the superior but continued existence of the good old days, another characteristic of genuinely retarded baseball fans is that nearly all of them are middle-aged. Like the lady internationalist and I, most of them contracted their ailment in the 1930s. There were a few struck down earlier (I had an uncle who

thought Hank Greenberg was an inferior Wahoo Crawford substitute) and perhaps a few who have become retarded later, though I only recall meeting one. But the '30s was the vintage decade for making retarded baseball nuts.

This strange, psycho band is still numerous and certainly curious enough to rate a short clinical report, one that may be of as much interest to historians as to the mental health crowd. And for personal reasons, last fall was an excellent time to assemble notes on the subject.

As the 1968 Tigers edged toward their American



be an A's fan no matter where fate exiles him (to Kansas City, Mo., Oakland, Calif., Hungry Mother, N.C. or Reykjavik) or what temporary disguise or pseudonym the real A's happen to be using in any given season. The retarded fan has some loyalties of this kind, but his hallmark is a fanatical allegiance to a team that existed at one particular moment in time. Thus a normal Detroit fan roots for—many given years—the Tiger third baseman, whoever he may be, Marvin Owen, George Kell, Don Wert. The retarded baseball fan, while preferring Kell to Keltner or Wert to Brooks Robinson, does so only because Wert and Kell happen to play the same position that Marvin Owen does on the real, genuine, only Tiger team

League pennant, my own case flared up so badly that I was incapacitated for other pursuits, being choked with nostalgia for the real Tigers. In fact, I was afflicted with what might be called nostalgic schizophrenia. How this ailment is contracted was once well described in a case study published by an authoritative, if obscure, medical journal, one which I feel at liberty to quote:

"BG was a scrawny prepubescent living on the outskirts of Kalamazoo, Mich., suffering from a badly fragmented personality. During most of his waking hours he believed he was (often simultaneously) Mickey Cochrane, Hank Greenberg, Charley Gehring, Bill Rogell, Marvin Owen, Pete Fox, Jo-Jo White, Goose Goslin and/or Tommy

Bridges, Schoolboy Rowe, Eldon Auker, Chief Hogsett. Additionally, for shorter periods of time, he was able to convince himself that he had become any one of several hundred other major league ballplayers: Tony Lazzeri, Ted Lyons, Joe Cronin, Pepper Martin, etc.

"During the summer months BG's periods of derangement seemed to follow a rigid cyclical pattern. In the morning, equipped with a tennis ball and a \$2 baseball glove, he would repair to the side yard, which was within easy throwing range of a sloping porch roof. Following a complicated set of rules regarding walks, hits, errors, strikeouts, runs, he would bounce the ball off the roof. To begin with, he would be Tommy Bridges and would give the roof nothing but curves. [When he was Schoolboy Rowe he would burn in fastballs against the shingles and when he was Eldon Auker he would use the appropriate submarine motion.]

"When the ball bounced off the roof, as it would when BG's control was right, he would pursue it and catch it as a Detroit Tiger fielder. The role of the roof, in addition to being something a tennis ball would bounce off of, was to serve as the New York Yankees, St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago Cubs or some other major league baseball team. When Bridges or another of the stout-armed Tigers had set down the roof, usually in one-two-three order, the sides would change. BG would lob the ball against the house as, for example, Red Ruffing, and the roof would become, sequentially, Hank Greenberg, Charley Gehringer, Goose Goslin, *et al.* Because of the frequent big innings staged by the roof when it was a Tiger, these games generally lasted several hours.

"Following a quick liverwurst-and-onion sandwich, BG would, in the afternoon, lie down on a couch on the porch, turn on the radio to full volume and fall into a catatonic state while a Mr. Harry Heilmann broadcast a play-by-play description of the Detroit Tigers game of the day. If the Tigers lost BG would often refuse supper and go directly to bed. If they won he would play a second fantasy game during the

continued

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Confessions continued

early evening hours. The rules of the windup contest of the imaginary doubleheader were similar to those of the first, though the props were somewhat different, owing to the fact that the return of BG's male parent made it unwise for him to bounce tennis balls off the roof for extended periods of time. BG retired to a nearby railroad track, where he threw stones at a grade-crossing sign. The manner in which the stones hit, missed or passed through the crossed arms of the sign determined the course of the twilight game.

"During these encounters, BG persistently cheated the roof, the railroad sign and himself. For example, as Tommy Bridges he won, during the summer of 1937, 36 games, over half the victories being shutouts, 12 of them being no-hitters. That same summer Charley Gehringer hit over .500. Often BG would throw a ball or a rock or manipulate the rules so that one of his lesser alter egos, say Billy Rogell, would strike out in a crucial situation, permitting Hank Greenberg or Mickey Cochrane, who had been illegally advanced in the lineup, to hit a grand-slam home run."

In nostalgic, confessional, usually boozy moments, enough of my contemporaries have admitted to having once behaved as BG did to suggest that he should be considered as a typical rather than an extreme case of baseball retardation. The lady internationalist, though handicapped by her sex, became retarded in a ladylike way by spending her summer afternoons playing a free-form sort of croquet in which the balls, wickets and mallets were Jolly Cholly Gritum and company. A fellow who now does something mysterious but presumably moral to computers became retarded in a more sedentary way. He spent his days shaking dice, the dice being Cincinnati Reds and others. Then in the evening, by flashlight under the covers, he would recalculate the averages of all the National League hitters from (invariably) Ernie Lombardi on down, based on their performance of that day. A retarded Boston Brave many years later confessed his condition during the hour or so that he, I and 50 others were circling Atlanta awaiting clearance to land at the

airport. He compulsively rolled U.S. Tiger golf balls into tin cans for much the same reason that BG threw stones at a railroad sign. He said that except for when he was being taken to doctors by his mother to have his eyes, hearing, metabolism or mind examined, he spent nearly all his summers between his ninth and 12th years being the Braves and their opponents. And an editor friend of mine, in an uneditorial moment, confessed to an entire prep-school spring spent with playing cards, a black notebook and an occult set of rules that enabled the Brooklyn Dodgers to win a pennant going away from the St. Louis Cardinals.

Based on such random sampling I suspect that there are still millions of us retardards around, including many who would make BG look like Mr. Straight. However, it is a difficult contention to prove. People who may eagerly describe how they became Communists, hopheads or bigamists are secretive when it comes to confessing baseball retardation. It is one thing to admit being a rascal or helpless victim of fate but quite another to say that you once were, and by inference still are, a blithering idiot. Also, baseball retards were conditioned from their earliest days to regard their affliction as silly and shameful. The difficulties of the old fantasy Boston Brave who was continually being yanked out of crucial games to make visits to alienists is not untypical. BG's father, for example, would, it is reported, shout several times a week, "He [BG] is a blithering idiot. He must have thrown six million stones at that railroad sign. He'll grow up to be a WPAAr."

Most baseball retards have had the experience of winding up for a big pitch, only to be stopped—causing a balk and risking a sore arm—by some adult who sneaked up from behind and sympathetically asked, "Why don't you go out and play a game? Why don't you go swimming? Why don't you buy an ice cream cone?" Usually when this happened you had to go swim or eat ice cream, it being impossible to explain that when you were a child you behaved as a child, but when you were Tommy Bridges you had to strike out Al Simmons.

Though we baseball retards devoted hours to playing something that somehow seemed related to baseball, very few of us ever played much baseball, softball, work-up or anything with a bat, glove, ball and other live players. Adults who wanted to counsel—and perhaps cure—baseball retards were more puzzled and exasperated by this aspect of the disease than any other. Again, the reasons were perfectly logical to us but very difficult to explain to anyone who did not look at the world in the same deranged way. In the first place, we retardards did not have much time to become very good ballplayers in our own right, since our summers were spent being the Tigers, Cubs, Braves, Reds, etc. And after you had spent the morning pitching a no-hitter against the New York Yankees, it was pretty dull to go out and play against a bunch of 10-year-olds in a vacant lot.

Another peculiarity of the disorder is that you rarely find anyone who was retarded by any other game. There was a signalman I met in the Navy who had grown up in Janesville, Wis. He told me that when he was 11 he broke his right leg because he was Tony Hinkle and was one day tackled on his blind side by Brenko Nagurski, who was a particularly dense barberry hedge. However, this type of blithering idiot, the other-sport retard, is very uncommon. The principal reason, I think, is that in the long-gone days under discussion the sporting scene really was as people like Joe Cronin and Warren Giles think it still is now; that is, baseball was the only game in town—every town. For a few minutes on a Sunday afternoon as he drew back for a dropkick, you might casually be Patsy Clark, or shadowbox in front of the mirror before breakfast as Joe Louis and Jimmy Braddock, or run to the bus as Jesse Owens, but these people and games were only good for momentary fancies and fantasies. As for such things as the NBA and NHL, they were as remote as Sputnik.

Baseball had, of course, established its sporting monopoly early in the century. So why should it be that the decade of the 1930s was the period in which most retarded baseball fans were made?

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Confessions continued

The reason I think was that the infection was best spread aurally, and the 1930s were the years of the ear. In the days before radio it took a lot of imagination and effort to be a retarded baseball fan, to become, for example, Walter Johnson, because all you had to work with were newspapers and *The Sporting News*, impersonal words and figures. But radio—mysterious, disembodied, vivid as a dream—screamed for a fantasy response. Every afternoon you could crawl off in the shade, turn the knob to WXYZ, unplug your sanity and let the words roll in and carry you off to Navin Field where you became Tommy Bridges.

The Typhoid Marys of retarded baseball fans were the 16 (those were the days, best beloved, before color men, commercial men, funny men, Twin City men) major league play-by-play broadcasters. The one who made a retarded Tiger out of me, and no telling how many other innocent Michigan boys and girls, was Harry Heilmann. Heilmann was a rich-voiced baritone from San Francisco. His sponsor was Mobilgas and he repeatedly recommended that we all stop frequently at the sign of the Flying Red Hawse. Ten years before he began to poison my mind, Heilmann himself had been

a spectacular outfielder for the Tigers, but that he had hit .403 in 1923 was not really the impressive thing about the man. The important thing was that Harry Heilmann was God, the Creator, Controller, Communicator of the only universe of importance—Tigerland.

I can no longer recall whether the notion came to me gradually or in a blinding eureka flash, but by the mid-'30s I knew that Harry Heilmann ordered the individual plays and the ultimate outcome of every Tiger game. He was the mover, the shaker, and the players were his instruments. Thus if Pete Fox hit a golf shot past Luke Appling to drive in Rogell and White, Heilmann permitted

him to do so, though Fox deserved praise and respect for being such an excellent tool in the hands of his master. However, if Fox lifted a high pop fly to Appling ("That's the kind we used to call a rainmaker"), I knew it was not Fox's fault. Heilmann was against him or not sufficiently interested to help him or for some perverse reason of his own just wanted to see one of those old-fashioned rainmakers at that stage of the game.

Before games and while he was giving the lineup and before the action part of each play, I analyzed Heilmann's vo-

my father would take me to Detroit, 120 miles away, to see a "real" game. I went because I was expected to go and because I had instinctive wit enough to realize that if I said I wasn't interested in seeing a game, the alienist would surely get me. But I did not much enjoy these outings. I did not even appreciate the biggest game I ever saw, one that some still claim is the biggest baseball game anyone ever saw—the seventh game of the 1934 World Series. So far as I was concerned it was a bust and not just because the Tigers got creamed

11-0 and also lost the brawl against Ducky Medwick, Pepper Martin and the Dean boys. The trouble with this game, and every other one I have ever seen, is that watching a lawful of plain, ordinary, stoutish men lumber about the grass bored me. At the same time I was desolate because I was missing—in those days before transistors—an infinitely dramatic Heilmann broadcast of a real game, one in which I identified immediately with everyone, including Mr. Frank Navin, the Tiger owner.

While I was becoming one, the only other truly retarded baseball fan I knew was my grandmother, who apparently had become obsessed with the Chicago

cabulary, inflections and mood like a Roman general puzzling over chicken intestines as I tried to get some prophetic hint as to what he was going to allow the Tigers to do. Naturally, I prayed to Heilmann to favor the Tiger cause, promised to do good deeds if Charley Gehringer went 3 for 4 and offered to refrain from wicked acts for a given period if Bridges would just strike out Gehrig with Reife and Lazzari on base. Also, naturally, I cried, cursed, sulked at Heilmann and was wicked in a revengeful way when Charley got the old hawsecollar.

Once or twice a summer, in a what-the-hell, we-may-as-well-humor-him spirit,

Cubs at about the age of 60 and remained so afflicted for the next 30 years. In other matters my grandmother treated me in a very grandmotherly way, baking goodies, slipping me dimes and allowing me to keep turtles in her washtubs, but when it came to baseball it was war between us.

"Billy Rogell," my grandmother would sniff, "would not qualify as a utility man for us, much less ever play. He can't be compared to Billy Jurges."

"Charley Grimm hits singles," I countered.

"Mr. Grimm is a student of the game, a scientific player. Greenberg is just a clumsy ox."



so monstrously untrue, unfair, Truthfully, Harry Heimann's only flaw was his inhuman, godly impartiality. I was convinced that if only he would relax a bit, let human compassion flow, the Tigers could easily have a 154-0 season, but he never did. At the very least it seemed that in his play-by-play accounts Heimann could have given a little more evidence that, despite his prickly code of honor, the Tigers were his team—the best baseball team in the history of the world. Instead he seemed to delight in leaning over backward the other way, giving the other club more than its proper share of praise and encouragement. "That young fella (Ted Williams) is the best-looking hutta I have seen come up in many a year." For the boss of Hank Greenberg to say such a thing seemed to be carrying objectivity to the point of sedition.

Boh Elson, of course, was something else again. He was not a baseball broadcaster, he was an obvious, nauseous cheerleader. "Well, there is an old baseball saying, the game's not over until the last man is out. Let's see what we can stir up for the Cubbies here in the last of the ninth." That omnipotent we is what infuriated me. Elson didn't fool me. I knew what he meant. He meant that from the broadcasting booth he was going to do his damndest to help the Cubs stir up something. The only good thing about the whole rotten situation was that sometimes the Cubbies would fall flat on their faces, proving that Elson, though he wanted to be a cheat, was impotent.

That is how baseball retards were made in the good old days but, as they are always doing, the good old days came to an end. The production of baseball retards has been cut off, or at least shut down to a trickle. The reasons are various. The war came along and distracted all sorts of fanatics, including baseball retards. Directly after the war there was the 1945 World Series, a memorable contest about which the prediction was widely made that it could not be won by either team. Even though this '45 Series involved the Cubs and the Tigers, not even my grandmother in Buchanan nor I in boot camp could work

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Confessions continued

up much maniacal enthusiasm for such a comic event, one that ushered in and set the tone for what is laughingly called the modern era of baseball.

Thereafter, baseball was never again serious, at least not serious enough to drive children and old ladies mad. A few of the real ballplayers lingered on in the postwar era, but their hearts didn't seem to be in this silly game and they were gradually replaced by people like Hal Newhouser, George Kell, Al Kaline, Bubba Phillips, Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays and Sandy Koufax, good boys but perpetual fringe performers. By the 1950s all the players in the majors were minor-leaguers, and furthermore a few good minor league teams had been admitted to the big leagues. How can a serious, self-respecting lunatic spend a morning bouncing a ball off a roof if the roof has to be Kansas City? Kansas City was—and shall ever remain for me and other truly retarded

baseball fans—the Triple A farm club where the damned Yankees grew all those good rookies like Phil Rizzuto. And then what happens when you have to change the roof to Oakland, which is in the Pacific Coast League? And what provision do you make for mules?

Finally, very finally, there was TV. Probably it seemed to someone in charge that this fantastic device would create new fantasy fans by the millions, but it has not. The trouble is that it is very hard to have bigger-than-life imaginary playmates when smaller-than-life but photographically accurate models of the real thing are living-room intimates. A first baseman, repeatedly exposed as a pimply-faced, slack-jawed, bubble-gum-chewing youth, simply is not a figure over whom one can agonize, cry or pray. It is even more difficult to believe that a balding, chubby razor salesman is divine. Newspapers in the silent decades before the 1930s didn't tell enough to

blow the minds of baseball fans; the shimmering screen tells too much. The do-it-yourself lunatic has been made obsolete by the professional, the commercial makers of fantasy.

Therefore we retarded fans, created when the world was younger, are somewhat in the situation of the California condor, another curious, improbable, declining kind of bird whose time has passed. However, the knowledge that we are shuffling off to extinction, without prospect of replacement, does nothing to ease or control our affliction. It is chronic, incurable. Tommy Bridges is warming up now and in an hour or two will dazzle the .231 hitters of 1968. Charley Gehring, with accustomed silence and efficiency, will dispose of those pesky St. Louis Browns, who for some gimicky reason of their own are calling themselves the Baltimore Orioles. Today, tomorrow, until the end, our inner ear is tuned to Harry Holmann **END**

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

As Houston (6-0) ran up an eight-game winning streak and moved out of the Western Division cellar, it was the pitchers who deserved most of the credit. Two youngsters, 21-year-old Tom Griffin and 22-year-old Larry Dierker, picked up a total of three complete game victories including a shutout apiece, but the happiest successes belonged to reliever Fred Gladding. Gladding, whose career almost ended after an elbow operation last year, is called the Enforcer these days, having held the opposition scoreless in his last 11 appearances. Coming in from the bullpen three times last week, he recorded his seventh and eighth saves of the season, nearly half the total for the whole Astros staff all last year. Cincinnati's (5-0) Clay Carroll was another effective reliever. He took advantage of two late rallies by the Reds to earn a pair of victories while starter Tony Cloninger, who began the week with a 1-5 record, picked up two wins, one of them a two-hitter. Mike McCormick of San Francisco (3-4), who was relegated to the bullpen early in the season, was also a two-time winner when injuries to others caused Manager Clyde King to return him to the starting rotation. The second of McCormick's victories came on a Willie McCovey home run, the 11th for the co-league leader. With Mud Squadders Bill Sudakis (1-6) and Ted Sizemore (0-3) in slumps, Los Angeles (2-4) was shut out in all its losses. Still, the youngsters did not fail entirely as 22-year-old Willie Crawford helped lefty Claude Osteen to his sixth win with a homer and run-scoring single in a 3-1 game. Atlanta (2-3) had strong hitting—298 for the week—but still saw its di-

visional lead cut to 2½ games when starters Phil Niekro, Milt Pappas and Ron Reed were bombed for 16 runs in 19 innings. San Diego's (1-5) starters were also soundly thumped as the Padres ran their losing streak to seven games. Joe Niekro, Tommie Sisk, Clay Kirby, Gary Ross and Dick Kelley each started a game and lost, allowing 24 runs in 25 innings pitched. Chicago (5-2) had two impressive strings ended, but still managed to open up a six-game Eastern Division lead. In the same game left-hander Ken Holtzman, who had pitched 33 innings without allowing a run, was finally scored on and Shortstop Don Kessinger, who had reached base at least once in every game this season, was held in check. Holtzman's streak was decisively broken by a home run, but Kessinger's ended on a debatable call when Umpire Augie Donatelli ruled that his pop fly, which appeared to drop safely in short center, had been caught instead of trapped. St. Louis (4-2), which has won eight of its last 11 games and built the league's best road record (6-0), looked ready to challenge the Cubs. The Cards jumped from fourth to third on shutouts by Bob Gibson and Steve Carlton and a six-run, 11th-inning rally keyed by Lou Brock's lead-off home run. Al Oliver, Pittsburgh's (5-2) rookie first baseman, was dead at the plate and dead in the field. After clouting his first grand-slam home run and a double in an 11-1 victory, Oliver said, "Cream will come to the top. I'm confident I'll hit 100 because big league pitching isn't that much better than the minors." Two days later the question was whether Oliver would field .300 as he committed three errors in one inning to tie a league record. "I would rather fight 10 tough guys in a back alley than

lose a game that way," said angry Philadelphia (2-3) Manager Bob Skinner after Jerry Johnson forced in the losing run in one game with a walk. But Skinner's disposition soon sweetened when Grant Jackson pitched and batted himself to a victory. Allowing just two runs while throwing a complete game, Jackson helped himself by clouting a three-run homer. Tom Seaver took New York's (1-4) only win with a five-hit shutout while Montreal (0-6) increased its losing streak to 10 consecutive games and dropped 15 games out of first.

Standings—East: Chi 24-15, Phil 22-20, MIL 20-21, NY 18-22, Pitt 17-21, Mont 13-27. West: Atl 24-12, LA 23-17, SF 23-18, Cal 20-20, Hou 21-24, SD 12-28.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Just when it looked as though they were going to sink as the West, the expansion teams, Kansas City (4-2) and Seattle (4-2), moved right back into the thick of the division chase. The Royals continued to win close games with late rallies. In one they scored the winning run in the ninth inning on a wild pitch, and in another Elv Rodríguez' 12th-inning double gave his team its 12th one-run decision in 20 wins. Those victories, along with Roger Nelson's shut-out—the first ever by a Royals pitcher—moved K.C. within four games of the league lead. The Pilots, now only 4½ games out of first, relied on relievers for their win. Gene Brabender, who was strictly a bullpen man before coming over from the Orioles, won as a starter while Diego Segui and newly acquired Fred Talbot both scored victories with a total of eight innings of scoreless relief. With Walt Williams (.363), Gail Hopkins (.400), Carlos May (.352) and Bill Melton (two homers, including a grand slam)

continued

HIGHLIGHT

When Mike Epstein came to the majors at Baltimore labeled as a sure supplant, it looked like the return of the Renaissance Man. Not only could the University of California student sport verses from Shakespeare and Freud and quote from Socrates and Emerson, he had also ripped through the minor leagues with long home runs and betting averages over .300. But, after three major league seasons in which the 230-pound, left-handed batter had failed to average his weight, he cooled his loquaciousness, shortened his stance and started a Renaissance of his own. This time his bat is doing most of the talking. With four homers last week, Epstein increased his season's total to 12, including 10 in the month of May. Teaming with 260-pound Frank Howard, who leads the majors with 14 home

runs, Epstein gives the Senators the biggest and busiest 1-2 slugging punch in the game. His success has also changed him from erudite to clown. Slightly drooping for words, Epstein explained, "I don't really know why I'm hitting better. I owe it all to Ted Williams, so why don't you ask him?" Williams thinks the main reason for Epstein's improvement is a new pair of contact lenses and the higher trajectory his latest stance gives his hits. "But you should ask Mike," the manager says. "He couldn't be very smart if he doesn't know why he's hitting." That is just the kind of prod Epstein used to respond to, but now, however, not at least while his kins keep dropping. In the slumping Senators' last three wins, he has driven in the winning run twice. Once he did it with a 90th-inning single, and then an eighth-inning homer with a man on. Epstein's hat clearly was talking for him.



EPSTEIN: TALKING BAT



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BASEBALL'S WEEK *continues*

providing the hits, Chicago (2-3) averaged 295 for the week. But now that the Sox have hitting, their pitching is going sour. Relievers Wilbur Wood and Bob Locker, who appeared in a total of 158 games a year ago, have been ineffective and Chicago is wondering why it ever let Hoyt Wilhelm go in the expansion draft. Wilhelm, pitching for California (0-6), already has more saves than the whole White Sox staff despite being with a last-place team that has fallen 12 games out of first. Minnesota's (4-3) Jim Kaat, who began the season by being knocked out the first four times he started and then was injured, said after defeating the Orioles in 13 innings, "This doesn't mean a thing unless I can come back four days later." He did just that, pitching a five-hitter over the Yankees and lifting the Twins back into the division lead. Oakland (0-5) dropped the lead by losing four one-run games. The Athletics' hitters had more than six hits in only one game and averaged just .206. Said White Sox Manager Don Gutierrez of Boston's (5-1) Ray Culp, "I don't know how that poor pitcher can do so well against us." Culp, who beat the Sox four times in two seasons, may look easy to hit but his record shows he is not. The victory over the White Sox was his seventh and tied him for the most wins in the league. In Baltimore (5-1) just about everything was going right as the Eastern Division leader held its 3½-game lead over the Red Sox. Starters Tom Phoebus, who is now 5-0, and Mike Cuellar won and so did relievers Dick Hall, Marcelino Lopez and Dave Leonard. The hitting was strong too, with Frank Robinson averaging 148 for the week and Don Buford 444 while Boog Powell ran his consecutive game hitting streak to 16. Detroit's (4-1) wayward Outfielder Willie Horton, who jumped the team two weeks ago, returned, took a \$1,700 loss in pay and prompts started the Tigers rolling to a two-run first inning with a bases-loaded double. But the team's top performance of the week came from Mickey Lolich, who is off to his best start ever. The Series hero stretched his record to 6-1 and struck out 16 batters to set a new Tigers record. New York (1-3) ran off an eight-game win streak and moved from fifth up to fourth. Rookie Bobbie Murcer averaged .387 and added six RBIs to bring his league-leading total to 40. With Larry Brown, who began the year as Cleveland's (3-3) third-string shortstop, hitting .409 for the week, the Indians finally won their 10th game of the season on a four-hitter by Dick Eklund. Despite power hitting by Mike Epstein, Washington (1-5) continued to sulk, dropping to fifth place as Manager Ted Williams used 20 pitchers in the losses

Standings—East: Balt 20-12; Bos 20-14; Det 21-12; NY 20-24; Wash 20-25; Cle 10-24; West: Min 23-18; Oak 21-17; KC 20-21; Chi 17-18; Sea 19-21; Cal 15-28.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TRAGIC AWAKENING (CONT.)

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's *Grizzly Bear Murder Case* (May 12 *et seq.*) has shaken me.

My own meetings with the Glacier Park wildlife seem so vastly inconsequential in comparison with the horrendous events that took place on the August night in 1967. However, with what I have seen, the animals of Glacier Park, from the largest, most unpredictable grizzly down to the tiny golden-mantled squirrel, are suffering from the coming of the easy life as associated with the encroachment of the American traveler with his garbage, litter and patronizing handouts. Once a wild animal has been fed through human hands, or has gotten an easy meal as an unkempt campsite, his self-sufficient spirit is broken. He then becomes the pesky, delinquent, welfare-seeking mammal that unfortunately abounds in our national parks today.

Glacier National Park, with its lofty splendor should well be considered a sacred natural cathedral. Its parishioners, the wildlife, must be treated with respect; perhaps to the point of sanctification. Too many of us approach the animals of a national park with much the same attitude that we might approach the captives at the local zoo. However, at Glacier National Park we, too, are in the cage. The wild animal's one thought is to survive, via the easiest way possible. As reasoning human beings, it is our job to organize and facilitate a respectable survival for these natural entities onto whose continent and into whose feeding grounds we are the intruders.

LARRY HORAK

Cucamonga, Calif.

Sirs:

Certainly we must exterminate the grizzly. And while we're at it, let's destroy all dogs with teeth and all cats with claws. For who knows when one of these potentially dangerous beasts may turn on us?

Eventually, there should be only Man. Because we get along so well together.

PETER R. WEED

New York City

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's *The Grizzly Bear Murder Case* is the most magnificent example of journalism that I have ever had the privilege to read. By being uncompromising with the truth and economical with his words, Mr Olsen has created a piece that stands at the pinnacle of his craft.

GORDON H. TAYLOR

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

Never again will we camp in a bear-infested national park. I have learned to hate bears. I do not intend to have my family exposed to Russian roulette. I have camped in Glacier National Park twice, 1941 and 1961, and will never return. My experience that last trip convinced me that grizzly bears and people are natural enemies. And with black bears behaving as they do, who needs enemies?

Perhaps Mr. Olsen will get a kick out of learning that a nature lover came to develop a deep hatred for our lovable national park bears—those detestable garbage-eating slobs.

I would also like to express my warm appreciation for the magnificent work done by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED for conservation. You have accomplished more in two years than my beloved Sierra Club has in 77 years.

JOHN GROVE

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs:

I have had a difficult time deciding whether or not to be disgusted at the way Mr. Olsen describes the killing of the two girls or to be frightened at the thought of just how dangerous a grizzly can be. If the purpose of the story was to warn people just how deadly the grizzly can be, or if it was to disgust people with his descriptions of the killings, whatever his original purpose was, Mr. Olsen has achieved both goals.

Never before have I read an article that had such a profound effect on me. I truthfully believe that I can say that I am now terrified at the thought of meeting a grizzly—outside of a zoo.

DAVID G. LAIRD

Corvallis, Ore.

WATER HAZARD

Sirs:

Having thoroughly enjoyed your article on *Gulf's Underwater Underworld* (May 19), I believe my relating of a personal experience might be helpful to anyone who thinks that scavenging golf balls is relatively safe.

Six years ago, while diving (illegally) for the Ponte Vedra Golf Club, Ponte Vedra, Fla., my friend and diving buddy, Tommy Veal, was actually attacked from the rear by a 10½-foot alligator. Tom was working on the pond's bank with his hands on the famous 9th hole hazard and his legs floating aimlessly in deeper water when he felt a surge behind him, and the jaws of an alligator clamped one leg in a vise. He somehow managed, with a quick jerk, to pull his leg from the gator's grasp and

scramble up the bank. Tom was fortunate, having only suffered puncture tooth marks. The alligator was later shot and killed and removed from the lagoon.

Thus, scavenging golf balls can be even more dangerous in Florida with its alligators than in California with its catfish.

GARY KOFMAN

Ponte Vedra, Fla.

JACK'S JACK

Sirs:

Thank you for exposing me to the frightful predicament of Jack Nicklaus (*What He's Gone Wrong, Jack?* May 19). I'm sure your article stirred up sympathy in the hearts of all your readers. After all, when a man earns only a paltry \$155,285.55 in 12 months, something definitely has gone wrong. I can only hope that he gets back in the groove soon.

MIKE ROST

Plymouth, Mich.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

Sirs:

My faith in the National Football League has been shattered (*They'd Rather Swich*, May 26). I have always soundly supported the merger of the two leagues, but little did I know that three of the most traditional teams in the NFL would go over to the AFL. I could stomach even this huge mistake if there were some kind of sane divisional and playoff system. But no, pro football has chosen an idiotic six-divisional setup which will make a shambles of the playoff system.

STEVEN WINFINGER

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Finally the long-awaited merger of the NFL and AFL is completed. I believe that the move of Baltimore, Cleveland and Pittsburgh to the AFL is fine, but I think Commissioner Rozelle made a boo-boo in the reassignment. He should have Buffalo and Houston change places. Just think of the natural rivalry between Buffalo and Cleveland—shades of the old All-America Conference! Besides, this would give Miami a rival in Houston.

ELI H. MASSEKOFF
United States Army

Fort Bragg, N.C.

DOGBA

Sirs:

Jeannette Bruce's article (*Slave to a Shik*, May 5) is undoubtedly one of the finest articles on one of the most rewarding and en-

continued

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18TH HOLE continued

joyable joints with nature a city dweller can experience. I'm sure most dog fanciers felt as I did when first seeing the article—oh no, not another article in a national publication by someone who knows nothing about dogs. This time we were wrong. Miss Bruce's article was great. I can think of no one in the world of dogs who could have related the joys of training a dog as well as she did. At a time when obedience showing and training are losing much of their appeal, your article is most appreciated and timely.

C. F. VAUGHN

Milwaukee

Sirs:

As a slave to a beagle, I want to extend my congratulations to Jeanette Bruce for expressing the master-slave, human-canine relationship so well. Dog owners and lovers can take heart knowing their cause has been forwarded in such a humorous, yet sensitive way, it was an excellent article.

My beagle, Jennifer, sends the author seven happy wags and three friendly slurs. And she wants to meet Charlie Brown.

PEGGY STRAND

North Kingston, R. I.

CROSSED STICKS

Sirs,

I was very impressed that SI finally took an interest in Midwest lacrosse (*After Sticks of the Midwest*, May 5). Peter Carry's article was very good, and Denison University truly plays a large role. In fact, it might be well to mention that the two other lacrosse powers Mr. Carry mentioned in regard to the Midwest, namely Ohio State and Bowling Green, were handily beaten (if not destroyed) by "Little Denison." The scores were 21-3 and 19-4 respectively. There seems to be only one power in Midwest lacrosse, and this is not remarkable, but factually, Denison University. Backed by the coaching of Tommy Thomson, surely one of the best coaches in the game, it becomes apparent that Bowling Green scholarships and Ohio State size have a long way to go before they threaten the ability of Denison lacrosse men.

JOE DORRIS

Granville, Ohio

Sirs:

You attempted to show how lacrosse in the Midwest would soon give the East's big four of Army, Johns Hopkins, Maryland and Navy some real competition for national honor. On the 26th of March, Denison brought a 31-game winning streak to Annapolis. That afternoon they were soundly defeated by Navy, 22-2. The score speaks for itself.

—Midshipman ALAN C. PIKE
Annapolis, Md.

continued

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10TH HOLE

Sirs,

Another national factious power house is developing in the Northeast. This team was ranked 20th nationally last spring and runner-up in New England, losing only one game, a 6-5 heartbreaker. This year they should break into the top ten. Please give some recognition to the University of Massachusetts, as they surely will place two of their three men on the North squad in the annual All-Star game being played this year at Johns Hopkins University.

WALTER A. ALFORD

FPO New York

Sirs,

I wonder whether **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** is aware that Syracuse University boasts, as of this writing, a 10-2 record. Indeed, not including it as one of the East's big four was certainly an oversight. With early season wins over both Denison and Ohio State, and a 21-5 massacre of highly touted Hobart, the Orange stickmen, according to their head coach, Roy Simmons, keep improving every time out.

TIM LA BORSA

Syracuse

INSCRUTABLE BADMINTON

Sirs,

I would like to correct a misstatement attributed to Alex Ehrlich at the International Table Tennis Federation's Munich championships (*No Defense Against Murder*, May 5), and, perhaps, add to the Red Chinese athletic mystery. Red China does play a second international sport badminton. Although the Red Chinese are not yet one of the International Badminton Federation's 48 member nations, they have made their presence felt. Having learned the game from the Indonesians in friendlier days between the two countries, they returned to seclusion during with several Indonesian players and movies of the world stars. They emerged four years ago with one of the Indonesians, renamed Tan Hsien-hu, touted as unbeatable while visiting Denmark. Tan demolished Svend Andersen, one of the top five in the world, 15-0, 15-4. Two years later, a much improved Andersen met Tan in a return match in Peking and again lost, 15-0, 15-1.

Tan and his teammates are in seclusion again, supposedly continuing a 12-hour daily training schedule which, according to reliable reports, has for six years consisted of heavy weight lifting, distance running, shot practice and playing singles until they pass out from muscle fatigue and exhaustion.

STAN HALTS

American Badminton Association
Claremont, Calif.

Address editorial mail to **TIME & LIFE Bldg.**,
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